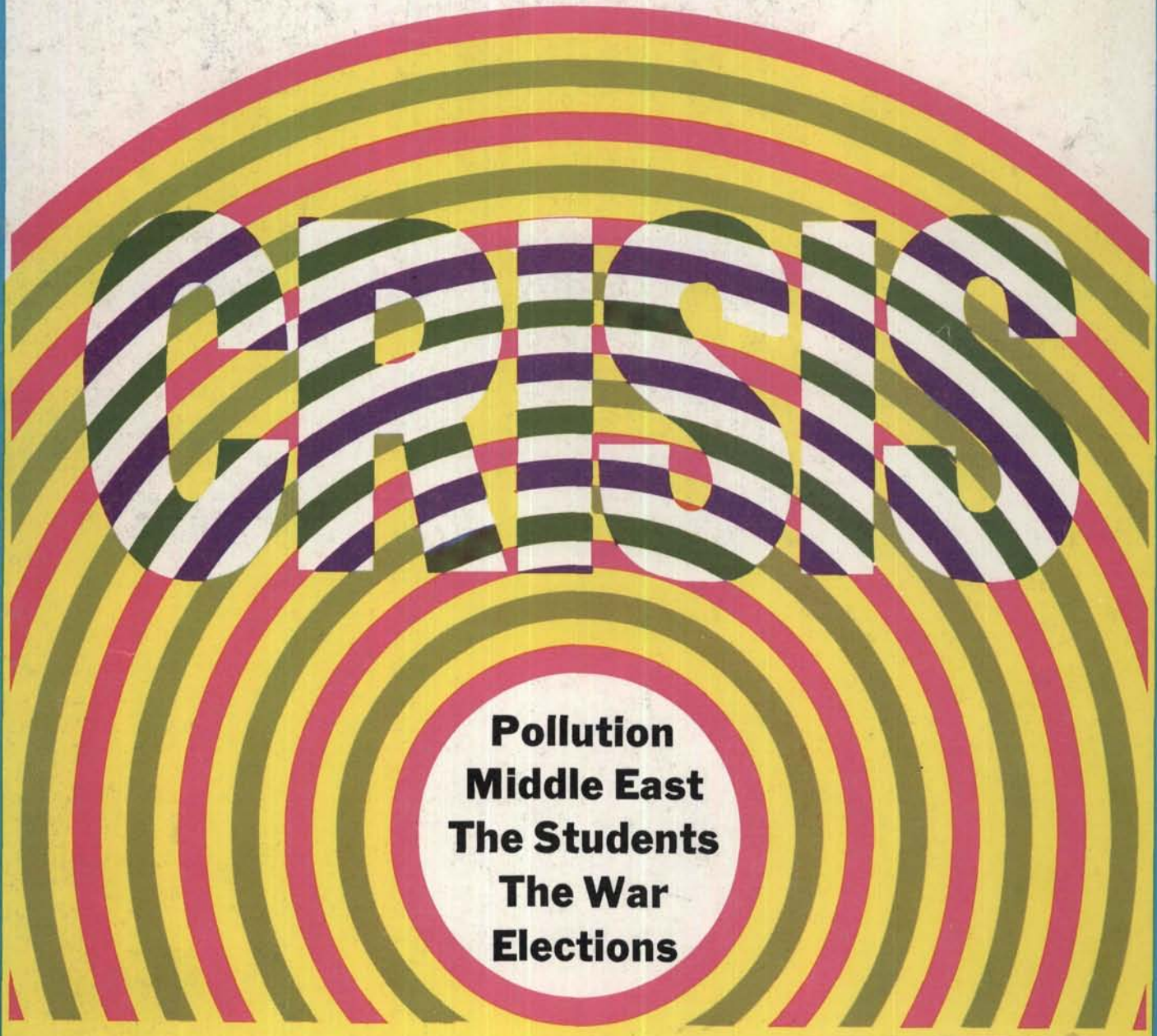
60 CENTS
ICD

JUNE 2, 1970

ALABAMA:
an George Do It?
–see page 566

NATIONAL REVIEW



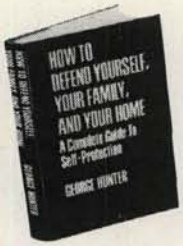
Pollution
Middle East
The Students
The War
Elections

ARTICLES BY: John R. Coyne Jr., Roger Donway, Victor Gold, Nicholas

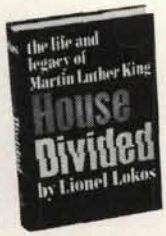
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

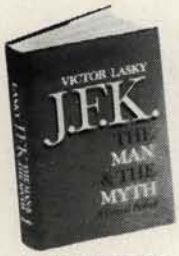
No. 127 Retail price $6.95



No. 95 Retail price $6.95

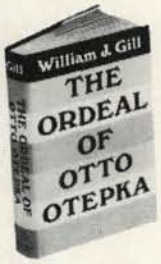


No. 123 Retail price $6.95



No. 36 Retail price $7.95

No. 163 Retail price $6.95



No. 147 Retail price $8.00

127. PRESERVE AND PROTECT. New bestselling novel by Allen Drury, author of *Advise and Consent* and *Capable of Honor*. Zeroes in on the violence that is tearing us apart right now, and serves as a "final notice" to every American. Written well *before* Chicago, *before* Robert Kennedy was shot, *before* King was assassinated, it reads like a chilling prophecy. Retail price $6.95

121. DEATH OF THE DOLLAR. Why the gold crisis could trigger the next Depression. If economist-author William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to the forms (the *very few* forms) that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. By the author of *Wooden Nickels*, the book that predicted the spectacular rise in silver prices. Retail price $4.95

123. HOUSE DIVIDED. The Life and Legacy of Martin Luther King. Author Lionel Lokos shares the horror felt by all decent Americans at the violence that cut King down. But to allow him to enter history as an unchallenged martyr would be to *compound* this American tragedy. Lokos presents the side of King's life that the media desperately tried to mask: the naked violence that followed wherever he went. And the legacy he left us: a lawless nation. 576 pages. Complete Index. Retail price $6.95

113. McCARTHY by Roy Cohn. After 14 years Cohn breaks silence. Here is the long-awaited story and the facts that counteract the perennial smears. Cohn tells it all: his rivalry with Bobby Kennedy for the job of McCarthy's aide. The romance that almost was between McCarthy and one of the Kennedy girls. The role of Nixon. The *real* McCarthy, including the sad last days. Much, much more. Over 300 pages, 30 photographs, Index, Appendix. Retail price $5.95

108. UP FROM LIBERALISM. The William F. Buckley classic that, in the view of many, marked the downturn of Liberalism and ushered in this new era of conservatism. New Preface, "That's the Way It Was, Baby," by the author. Introduction by Senator Barry Goldwater. Foreword by John Dos Passos. Retail price $5.00

143. THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY. Kevin Phillips' in-depth analysis of the American voters' shift to the Right is the most widely discussed, controversial book on practical politics of the past several years. Covers every section of the country in detail. 143 charts, 47 maps, over 400 pages, comprehensive index. "A political masterpiece." – *N. Y. Daily News*. Retail price $7.95

145. ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS. Herman H. Dinsmore, a former *New York Times*, editor exposes the four ways that the *Times* slants and suppresses the news it finds "unfit to print." Result: news coverage that makes Leftists rub their hands with glee. Retail price $7.00

15. SUICIDE OF THE WEST. James Burnham lays bare the Liberals' psychology, shows what really makes them the way they are. Retail price $6.95.

163. QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN BILL: The Best of Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. 880 delicious quotes arranged by topic, including some 300 from unsigned *National Review* editorials never before attributed to Buckley. Compiled by David Franke. Retail price $6.95.

95. HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY, AND YOUR HOME by George Hunter. Prevention and protection against bodily attack, burglary, rape, arson, riots. Guidance that you, your wife – yes, and your children – *must have* as the crime rate continues to soar in the Liberal jungle. Partial contents: the safe way to lock your house . . . how to avoid perils of self-service elevators . . . protect yourself in your car . . . ward off prowlers . . . hide valuables . . . use household objects for self-defense. Tips on firearms and teargas projectors. What to do if you are caught in a riot. Practical defense against sex criminals. Much more. 94 illustrations, 307 pages. Retail price $6.95

71. THE UNMAKING OF A MAYOR by William F. Buckley, Jr. Far more than a New York mayoralty race – because there has never been such a candidate as Bill Buckley. Includes Buckley's 10 position papers – on welfare, education, water, fiscal policy, crime, housing, pollution, transit, narcotics and taxes – a breakthrough because they show how to fashion *practical* programs from conservative principles. 18 illustrations, 6 Appendices, Index. Retail price $6.95

No. 113 Retail price $5.95

No. 107 Retail price $6.95

No. 98 Retail price $10.00

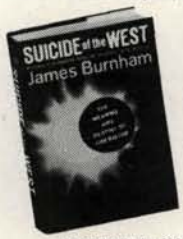
No. 42 Retail price $6.95

No. 145 Retail price $7.00

No. 152 Retail price $8.00

No. 55 Retail price $5.95

No. 108 Retail price $5.00



No. 15 Retail price $6.95

98. PEOPLE AND PLACES. The photographic art of Barry Goldwater. A lifetime collection of his own magnificent photographs and commentary: breathtaking views of the great Southwest, Grand Canyon, the Pacific Coast, much of the free world. Huge 13″ x 10″ size. Retail price $10.00

55. OUR VIETNAM NIGHTMARE by Marguerite Higgins. How Liberals in Kennedy administration dug Diem's grave – and our own. Sinister role of Lodge, Hilsman, Harriman. LBJ's hypersensitivity. Retail price $5.95

42. WITNESS. Whittaker Chambers' autobiography is one of the great reading experiences of a lifetime: history's most detailed behind-the-scenes picture of everyday life in the Communist Party. Retail price $6.95

107. THE JEW IN AMERICAN POLITICS. Nathaniel Weyl points out that American Jews stand out as our great national achievers in business, the professions, education and in the arts and sciences. Yet for years they have been pulled toward the Liberal-to-radical stance that is so destructive to their own best interests as achievers. Weyl explores the reasons for this. He shows why the tide is turning – and what a Jewish turn to the right might mean for our country. 375 pages. Retail price $6.95

36. JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH by Victor Lasky. This book appeared in September, 1963 and immediately blazed its way to the top of the best-seller list. It is the only candid book on John F. Kennedy – his family, his advisors, his record in Congress and as President. The tragic death of President Kennedy has understandably muted much of the criticism of his administration. Yet the record must not be ignored – because most of the men who made it, and their policies, are still with us. This is a devastating critique and a wonderfully witty (yet disturbing) picture of how our professional mythmakers construct their cardboard heroes. New Preface by the author. Retail price $7.95

147. THE ORDEAL OF OTTO OTEPKA by William J. Gill. How State Department employee Otepka fought the Establishment – JFK, RFK, LBJ, Rostow, Rusk, etc. to alert America to Communist influence at the highest levels of our government. Retail price $8.00

152. THE THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS – brand new edition of this classic by Adam Smith. Introduction by E. G. West. 576 pages. Retail price $8.00

21. OMNIBUS VOLUME 1: *HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION* by Stephen C. Shadegg. **Unabridged.** *THE BIG MAN*, Henry J. Taylor's torrid novel. **Unabridged.** *SCREWTAPE PROPOSES A TOAST*, **excerpt** from C. S. Lewis' "The World's Last Night." *THE CONVENIENT STATE*, **excerpt** from "What is Conservatism?" by Garry Wills. 4 selections in one handsome volume. Retail value $18.40

139. THE LOSERS. The definitive account, by eyewitness Paul D. Bethel, of the betrayal of Cuba and its abandonment to Communism. Covers the 1962 missile crisis in every vital detail. Bethel *names* and *indicts* the Losers: JFK, RFK, Adlai Stevenson, *N. Y. Times* editor Herbert Matthews, others. 615 pp. Retail price $10.00

27. OMNIBUS VOLUME 2: *THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY* by Ralph de Toledano. **Unabridged.** *WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFLATION* (Revised Edition) by Henry Hazlitt. **Unabridged.** *THE GREAT INTERLUDE* by Francis Russell. **Excerpts.** *POLITICAL CAUSES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION* by Lord Action. **Unabridged.** 4 selections in one. Retail value $14.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OWN ANY 2 FOR $1

(and your agreement to buy just four other selections at deep discounts of 20% to 75% over the next 18 months.)

No. 27 Retail price $14.95
The Losers
No. 139 Retail price $10.00
No. 21 Retail price $18.40
THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY
No. 143 Retail price $7.95
No. 71 Retail price $6.95

VALUES TO $39.90
(Including FREE $5.95 book in this special offer.)

PRIVILEGES AND TERMS OF NEW MEMBERSHIP

★ You choose any 2 of the volumes shown in this announcement for $1 plus shipping cost. Total retail value of this offer to $39.90, including . . .

★ **FREE GIFT** (if you accept this offer while current stock lasts): The War On The Poor by Clarence Carson. Retail price $5.95

★ **ALSO FREE:** Your subscription to our monthly Club Bulletin. Brims with publishing and political news of interest to conservatives.

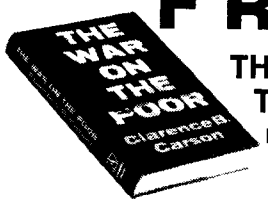
★ **Discount Privilege:** Monthly Selections and Alternates are described in your Bulletin . . . the best in conservative books, both fiction and nonfiction. You accept only the books you want, at members' deep discount prices — 20% to 75% lower than regular publishers' prices. Selections you want are delivered automatically; you reject books you don't want on simple refusal form always provided.

★ **Special Services** such as the exclusive Club Omnibus Volumes, containing the cream of conservative publishing at immense savings over regular prices . . . exclusive reports on trends in conservative thinking . . . other privileges and services now being arranged for you by the Club.

★ **Wide Book Choice:** You agree to accept 4 other books from the Club during the next 18 months, from about 70 to be offered — all at discount, of course. After that you are free to resign at any time.

This is a good time to try membership. Take any 2 books shown here for $1 plus shipping cost . . . plus The War On The Poor FREE . . . and taste the reading pleasures that CBC members enjoy. Send no money! Just mail Trial Membership Form to: The Conservative Book Club, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

FREE



THE WAR ON THE POOR
by Clarence Carson
(Retail price $5.95)

A brilliant economist proves — through a hundred years of U.S. history — that it has always been the *Leftists*, with all that overflowing "compassion" for the poor, who have relentlessly *deepened* poverty in America. But for men who truly have a heart — and who dare to confront a bold new idea — Carson offers something *better* than the American Handout System. An original hardbound copy of this important book (retail price $5.95) will be given to every new Club Member as long as the supply lasts. Mail Trial Membership Form today.

Fill out and mail this ENTIRE Reservation Form today. Just fold in half and seal with staple, Scotch tape, etc. No stamp or envelope necessary.

THIS FOLD-OVER RESERVATION FORM BECOMES POSTPAID BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, New York 10801

Gentlemen: Please send immediately the 2 books whose numbers I have circled below as well as my free copy of *The War On The Poor*. Enroll me as a Trial Member of the CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB and bill me later for these 2 books at $1 plus shipping. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. Each month you will send me, free, the Club Bulletin describing Selections and other recommended books, any of which I may reject on the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection, I need do nothing; it will come automatically. My sole obligation is to buy 4 books over the next 18 months, after which I may resign at any time.

Send the two books whose numbers I have circled below:

15 21 27 36 42 55 71 95 98 107 108 113 121 123 127 139 143 145 147 152 163

NR 102

*Name*_____

Sent FREE to every new member while current supply lasts: The War On The Poor. Retail Price $5.95

*Address*_____

*City/State*_____ *Zip*_____

Fold along this line, seal with Scotch tape, staple etc. and drop in nearest mailbox. No stamps necessary

FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 1453
New Rochelle, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

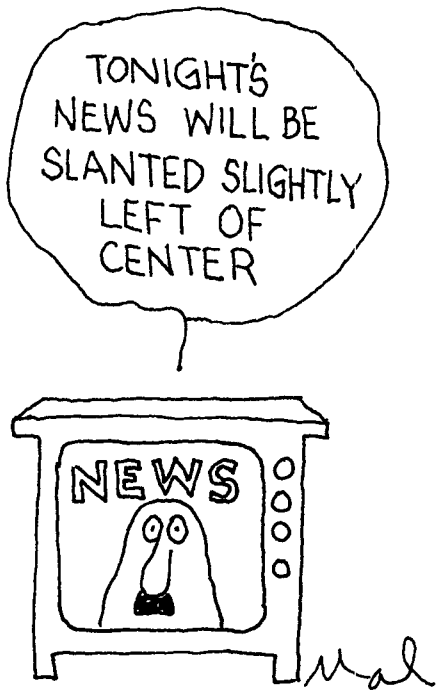
CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
81 Centre Avenue
New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ The Media and the President: *New Yorker* out with rare editorial slamming **Nixon** for "usurpation of power" in Cambodian invasion and calling for Congress and Supreme Court to repudiate him. Turns out it was written by ex-**Kennedy** aide **Richard Goodwin**, one of leaders of the New Politics crusade a couple of years back. . . . *Washington Post* printed long letter by **William Shirer** (*The Fall of the Third Republic*) comparing Nixon's reasons for invading Cambodia with reasons **Hitler**, **Goebbels** and other Nazi propagandists gave for invasions of Poland, Denmark and Norway, but *Post* also took Shirer to task in accompanying editorial for making an "unconvincing job" of it. . . . Viking Press announces a new Modern Masters series: first three, *Albert Camus* by **Conor Cruise O'Brien**, *Frantz Fanon* by **David Caute** and *Herbert Marcuse* by **Alasdair MacIntyre**. . . . Among professors in Boston area setting up major antiwar campaign fund to help peace candidates in the fall, was Dr. **John Knowles**: Remember him? He was the fellow Nixon turned down as head of the nation's health program in much publicized flap of last year.

■ Very possible: that Nixon Administration will give Gov. **James Rhodes** of Ohio an important job. Rhodes was beaten out in bitter primary by Rep. **Robert Taft Jr.** (running for Sen. **Young**'s seat) and could, in consequence, hold back in supporting Taft's campaign. . . . New York press reports indicate **Robert Morgenthau**, who withdrew from gubernatorial race a week ago, may end up as publisher of the *New York Post*. (Mrs. **Dorothy Schiff** is now both editor and publisher.) Another possibility: former LBJ press secretary **Bill Moyers**, bounced from his job as publisher of the powerful Nassau County *Newsday* when the *Los Angeles Times* bought it. . . . WOR talk show host **Barry Farber**, a conservative Republican, has announced his candidacy for Congress. He'll run against liberal Democrat **Leonard Farbstein** whose latest caper is a proposed law to deny live ammunition to National Guardsmen on campuses unless their lives are in danger. . . . On top of a poll showing him leading all other Democrats (and **John Lindsay**) in popularity for the top spot on the 1972 ticket, Sen. **Edmund Muskie** of Maine made a Bobby-style headline play: He chartered a plane to carry sixty or seventy people to the funeral of a Jackson, Mississippi student. . . . In West Virginia, in a Democratic primary between conservative incumbent Sen. **Robert Byrd** and liberal **John McOwen**, it was Byrd all the way, with 88.7 per cent of the vote, despite an energetic campaign to smear him as a "racist."



■ **Jess Unruh**, running for governor of California, thinks it would be a jolly idea if labor leaders took their cue from Princeton and negotiated contracts to give workers time off just before elections to participate in the campaign. . . . (But has Unruh considered for whom the laborers might be working?) Last week the AFL-CIO Executive Council approved (31-3) **George Meany**'s all-out support of the President on Cambodia. . . . *Daily World* "Automotive Alley" columnist outraged (May 14): ". . . a shocker is that Teamsters local 614 in Pontiac, Mich., is reported inviting **Agnew** to open a new medical center during his visit. Pressure is on the local to withdraw the request, but so far the bid stands. . . ." Agnew himself says he's all for a "negotiated settlement of accelerated rhetoric," but he adds, "the first place it [the cooling of the rhetoric] should begin is on the editorial pages of some of the Eastern newspapers."

■ Gen. **Henri Navarre**, who commanded French forces in Indochina at the fall of Dienbienphu, says North Vietnamese are using the same tactics now that they did then. First they get peace talks going, then they put extra pressure on the West for a faster pullout through "diversionary actions in Laos and Cambodia." (The French succumbed to these.) . . . Significant: in last two weeks both **Thailand** and **South Korea** have resumed diplomatic relations with **Cambodia**; both Seoul and Bangkok have indicated they might look favorably on requests for military aid from Cambodia. . . . On May 10, without fanfare, the **Paris peace talks** went into their third year.

■ Undiscouraged: When **Kwame Nkrumah**'s Egyptian wife, who has been living in Cairo since his ouster as president of Ghana, wrote to ask if she and the children should join him in exile in Guinea, he replied no, that she might as well wait until he was back in Accra.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Investments Are No Game

The RICKENBACKER REPORT doesn't play around with your life savings.

When you put together your investment portfolio, you need the best advice. Mr. Rickenbacker and his team of specialists provide expert coverage of all major financial markets.

Forty-five times a year, the REPORT's incisive commentary and candid features guide you step by step—in clear, easy to understand language—past investment problems in all fields.

COMPUTER STOCKS:
One good buy and one lemon.

RAILROAD STOCKS:
Are they depressed?

COMMODITIES:
Should you buy them?

GEMS:
Buying a gift for your wife with an eye to the future.

GENERAL ECONOMICS:
How it affects your family.

REVIEW OF FOREIGN FINANCIAL PRESS:
Switzerland, South Africa, France, West Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Canada and Great Britain.

MONETARY CHRONOLOGY:
What is really going on in the money market.

BOOK REVIEWS:
Covering books of major importance to investors.

DOMESTIC SPECIALISTS:
Donald Horton: president of Computer Guidance Corporation.

Ernest Reuter: president of Leys, Christie & Co.

Karl Ziebarth: vice-president of Hayden, Stone.

FOREIGN SPECIALISTS:
Finn Andreen: Secretary, International Freedom Academy.

Dr. L. Metzemaekers: Editor, HET FINANCIEELE DAGBLAD, Netherlands.

"The Gnome of Zurich": the Swiss banker, who although long associated with Mr. Rickenbacker, must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons.

M. Berkhout: foreign correspondent, LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES.

REAL ESTATE:
Where prices are rising most sharply.

GOLD & SILVER:
Should you buy now?

MODEL PORTFOLIOS

Satisfaction Guaranteed: If you are not fully satisfied with the RICKENBACKER REPORT, you may write for a full refund within 30 days.

RICKENBACKER REPORT NR-16
Box 1000 Briarcliff Manor N. Y. 10510

Dear Mr. Rickenbacker:
Please start my subscription to the RICKENBACKER REPORT immediately. If not pleased, I may write within 30 days for a full refund.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

____My $30.00 check for a 3-month trial subscription is enclosed.

____My $108.00 check for a one-year subscription is enclosed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europa International

+ + +

Moderate investment plus intelligence, integrity and effort can yield a reasonable return and a fascinating job in the travel industry, as a Regional Director of an established and reputable European group tour operator.

+

Full sales backup, training and assistance given to achieve results at your own pace.

+

A detailed prospectus of this offer is available on request for two dollars from:

Europa International

4 Poulton Street
Kirkham, Preston
England

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXII NO. 20 JUNE 2, 1970

546 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

540 For the Record
544 Letters
555 Letter from Washington *by Cato*
556 The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*
557 Do We Want Environment? *by Nicholas King*
560 The End of the Multiversity *by John R. Coyne Jr.*
562 We/They: The New Campus Dialogue *by Bernard F. Dick*
564 Antisemitism in Russia *by Roman Brackman*
566 Letter from Birmingham *by Victor Gold*
567 A Hairy Tale *by Nicholas V. Yermakov*
568 The Wrath of the Doves *by Roger Donway*
571 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*
572 Delectations *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
584 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
586 Trans-O-Gram

573 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Wm. Buckley's *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* reviewed by David Brudnoy ☐ Victor Gold on Robert Townsend's *Up the Organization* ☐ Steven Kelman's *Push Comes to Shove* boosted by Philip Ardery ☐ Frank J. Johnson on *The Great Weapons Heresy* ☐ Brenton H. Smith with another view of Shirer and the fall of France ☐ William F. Rickenbacker enjoys the immortal Dinu Lipatti

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*

WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors

JAMES BURNHAM ☐ JEFFREY HART ☐ FRANK S. MEYER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
C. H. SIMONDS *Assistant Managing Editor*
JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*
FRANCES BRONSON *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors

GUY DAVENPORT ☐ W. H. VON DREELE
M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK ☐ RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Associates

PHILIP P. ARDERY JR. ☐ JOHN R. COYNE JR.
JANE B. SMITH ☐ TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
PATRICIA A. CARR ☐ KEVIN LYNCH *Assistant Editors*
AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors

C. D. BATCHELOR ☐ COLM BROGAN ☐ DAVID BRUDNOY
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ☐ A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING ☐ RICHARD CORLISS
RICHMOND CRINKLEY ☐ JOAN DIDION ☐ ANTHONY R. DOLAN
CHARLES FOLEY ☐ NEAL FREEMAN ☐ MAX GELTMAN
NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT ☐ SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE
SIR SHANE LESLIE ☐ SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER
GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ STEFAN T. POSSONY
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER ☐ MORRIE RYSKIND
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM ☐ TIBOR SZAMUELY ☐ ALEC WAUGH
AUBERON WAUGH ☐ FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN ☐ PETER P. WITONSKI

Foreign Contributors: ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN ☐ *Promotion Manager:* EDWARD A. CAPANO
Circulation Manager: H. HALDANE HILL ☐ *Advertising Director:* PATRICK D. MAINES

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. *Second class postage paid at Bristol, Conn.* © *National Review, Inc. 1970.*

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

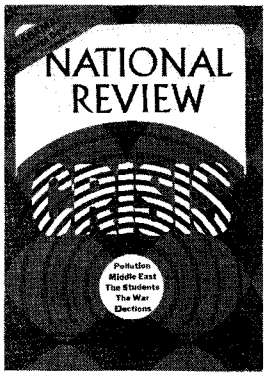
RATES: $20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Nicholas King**, in his first *NR* appearance, takes a hard look at the problems of pollution. Mr. King, manager of editorial services and senior staff writer for RCA, has worked for the United Press as a foreign correspondent in London and Paris and as an editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*. From 1963 to 1969 he served as press attaché at the American embassy in Paris during what he calls "the high tide of Gaullism." During his stint at UP in France, Mr. King worked closely with another foreign correspondent, who is now *NR*'s managing editor. . . . **John Coyne** shuffles off to Buffalo and wishes he'd stayed home. Mr. Coyne's first book, *The Kumquat Statement*, will be published by Cowles in late September. . . . "I must admit," says **Roger Donway**, "that my recent history has been largely intellectual. I graduated from Brown University last June, as a philosophy major, and have spent the months since both securing my philosophic base and making small excursions into the general culture. A few weeks ago, for instance, I discovered the novels of Evelyn Waugh, and my only regret is that I shall never be able to do so again. I did, however, do some writing while at college: one *NR* piece ('An Apology for Henry,' August 13, 1968), two articles for the *Freeman*, and a bit of professional philosophy for *Ethics*, a journal out of the University of Chicago." . . . **Bernard Dick** is Associate Professor of Classics and Chairman of the Classics Department at Iona College. Mr. Dick has published a book on William Golding and is finishing up a study of Mary Renault. . . . **Victor Gold**, Barry Goldwater's press secretary during the '64 campaign, also worked for John Marchi and Shirley Temple Black. . . . **Roman Brackman** was born in the USSR and attended Moscow High School #103 and the Moscow Oriental Institute. In 1950 he was arrested and sentenced to ten years in a Siberian prison camp, from which he was released during the 1955 post-Stalin amnesty. Mr. Brackman lived in Israel from 1960 to 1962. In 1968 he became an American citizen.



■ *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* is the title of the newly published collection of articles by conservatives, edited by William F. Buckley Jr. and reviewed in this issue by our man in Boston, **David Brudnoy**. . . . **Victor Gold** makes his second appearance this week with a put-down of *Up the Organization*. . . . *NR*'s **Phil Ardery** reads the latest on campus riots. . . . **Frank J. Johnson**, a member of the American Security Council, is pessimistic about our position in the arms race. . . . **Brenton Smith**, professor of history at Miami University in Ohio, straightens us out on William Shirer.

NATIONAL REVIEW ON MICROFILM

Microfilm copies of current as well as back issues of NR may be purchased from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd. Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to **all** correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your **old** address label here. Print **new** address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO**
☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $12.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Birthday Grittings

Regarding your paragraph ["The Week," May 19] about U Thant and the Lenin Centennial: No, UNESCO won't stage a Stalin Centennial—poor old Stalin was just a power-mad, bloodstained thug; Lenin, by contrast, was a power-mad, bloodstained thug with *complexities*. Like, you know, when he was just a toddler he broke a vase of his aunt's, and three months later he burst into tears and confessed (yes, I read that in NATIONAL REVIEW, in a poem yet), and any toddler who would do that couldn't be all bad, especially when grown up; and as everybody knows, Lenin did what he did for the People—even the ones he had to have killed, which proves he loved everybody regardless. So there, I think.

Chicago, Ill. DURWARD FINCH

So UNESCO threw a hundredth birthday for Lenin! Come Halloween when the offspring of those impossible Quakers down the block ask me for pennies for UNESCO, I'm going to put them to sleep until the *two* hundredth birthday party.

Cleveland, Ohio MARY STODDARD

Our Own Riot Act?

I fully agree that the proposed French law described in your May 19 issue, dealing with violence-prone assemblies, merits our careful attention. However, in order to avoid any conflict with First Amendment rights of peaceable assembly and petition, I believe two modifications are in order.

First, before arresting random participants in an unruly crowd, law enforcement officers should give a dispersal order after the occurrence of an illegal action (shades of the old British Riot Act). Without such a provision, some individuals might be arrested while still under the impression that they were in a peaceable, and hence constitutionally protected, assembly.

Second, as a deterrent against abuse by authorities of the above provision, participants in an assembly dispersed without justification should be empowered to bring civil action, with a large financial compensation involved, against the responsible official. The occurrence of any violence, property damage, or trespass should be easy to prove or disprove.

New Haven, Conn. FRANK H. REEVES

While the French antiriot law might mesh well enough with the *Code Napoléon*, to try to graft it onto the American Constitution would be to open an enormous can of worms, Bill of Rights-wise. What is most urgently needed is a means of dealing, effectively and constitutionally, with the organizers and leaders of riots—now that the hastily passed federal measure with its provision against "conspiracy" has proven worse than useless.

Washington, D.C. FRANZO MORGAN

Up Friedman!

When I come across an article on economics, even in my favorite magazine, I usually have to grit my teeth to read it through. But Milton Friedman's "The Market *v.* the Bureaucrat" [May 19] read almost as well as Francis Russell's fascinating latter-day detective work on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in the previous issue. Friedman's exposition is so clear that even someone like myself, who took one course in economics at college twenty years ago, can understand what he's driving at. My only reservation is: If it is all that simple why doesn't everyone else see it the Friedman way?

Memphis, Tenn. AUGUST A. BROWN

Magnifique!

Pas de baisant autours ["Notes & Asides," May 19] quite made my *journée*, probably my *semaine*, most likely my *trimestre*.

I'm adding it to my list, after *confiture de traffique* and before *siffler son frais*.

Paris, France THOMAS E. COSTNER

Healthy Smut?

I am sure the smut peddlers are heartened to learn from Mr. Crinkley ["An Idea Whose Time Has Gone," May 5] that their filthy trade is a "healthy deterrent" to sexual crime. Although it is possible that Crinkley has just succumbed to a devilish desire to appear clever and failed, it is probably not the case. Rather it would seem that his inaccurate assertion is a manifiestation of the valueless brand of conservatism. I marvel at his offhandedness; I wonder what he considers *un*healthy deterrents to sexual crime.

Cincinnati, Ohio FREDERICK E. DEBRA

The Tissue Issue

Dr. John A. Dooling's letter to Mr. Buckley ["Notes and Asides," May 19], leaves one wondering where to go. Furthermore, since his solution would both inflame the Public Facilities issue and discommode members of my own family, I hope you will find it possible to relieve my tensions through publication of the following reply:

Dear John:
I understand your plight.
I quite agree it isn't right
That your distinguished Christian name
And powder rooms are called the same.
However, though it's most genteel,
To call a rest room "the von Dreele"
Would (surely, you agree?) inflame
The aunts and uncles with *my* name.
Therefore, let's both take two steps back:
You call me Bill; I'll call you Jack.
And when in trouble, I'll insist
You're one goddam proctologist.

New York, N.Y. W. H. VON DREELE

Further Amplification

I was amused to see the letter from Pat Hillings in your issue of May 5. It just goes to show that some people never give up.

Perhaps Mr. Hillings did not mention in his letter that he is currently running against Mr. Rousselot for the 24th Congressional District seat. I assume he also didn't mention that he is doing very poorly in his battle to use the "Birch-smear" against Mr. Rousselot.

Most Republicans in the district remember Mr. Hillings' conduct in 1966 when, after he had lost the Republican primary for a State Senate seat, he ran a write-in campaign in the general election with the hope of taking enough votes away from the conservative-Republican nominee to elect the liberal-Democrat.

WILLIAM E. SARACINO
State Chairman,
Glendale, Cal. California YAF

No Room! No Room!

As a supporter of and contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, I would like to comment on the "population explosion," which you don't take seriously.

Are there too many people in the U.S. today? You say no. Is a population of 500 million too many? Is one billion too many? Is two billion people too many? I assume that we would agree at some point that *X* number of people would be too many, so it is just a question of *how* many.

I feel we have enough people now, and that any addition to our population will reduce the quality of our life. Sure, I can go to Wyoming or North Dakota or Small Town, U.S.A. and get away from the crowd, but I like city life. At one time you could live in a city and be close to non-populated areas. In Los Angeles, for example, thirty years ago, you could drive thirty miles and be in one of these small towns. Same for San Francisco. You can't do that now.

And take camping in California. You cannot get a campsite in any of the two hundred or so campgrounds during the summer without a reservation. So let's get more campgrounds. Fine, but eventually you run out of space for campgrounds. (Already we have no money for them.) But even today it's so crowded,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's not like true camping—lines for the public baths, no firewood, etc.
San Francisco, Cal. FRED NAGLE

Points

Francis Russell [May 5] suggests in his article "Sacco-Vanzetti: The End of the Chapter" that the case gave rise to Maxwell Anderson's play *Winterset*. Isn't he, in fact, referring to the play *Gods of the Lightning* or did Anderson give the same play two different titles?
Austin, Minn. CAROL L. HARDENBERGH

According to our staff expert on such matters, both Gods of the Lightning *(a 1928 flop written by Anderson and Harold Hickerson) and* Winterset *(a 1936 prize-winner) are rooted in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.* —ED.

Being a typical liberal *NR* reader (I imagine quite a few of your readers are no-good, evil, stupid, self-flagellating leftists like me), I find myself compelled to comment on last week's witty and clever NATIONAL REVIEW.

I noticed a short item discussing Milton Rokeach's psychological study which showed that religiously devout people are more authoritarian, dogmatic, and bigoted than the non-devout. Not only was the article severely criticized, but you decided to knock (what the hell) the journal that Rokeach's article appeared in. *Psychology Today* was promptly described as "a pop monthly for parlor analysts." A short while back, you carried a story on an article by Alan Elms from the same magazine which showed that conservatives are *not* mixed up, insane, or irrational. At that time, you praised the journal as well as the author for enlightening the academic world about the nature of conservatives. Has *Psychology Today* really degenerated that rapidly? Or is Elms really a pseudo-egghead writing for a silly journal?
Chapel Hill, N.C. DONALD WORTH

No, Rokeach is. —ED.

A point on "The Case For The Primacy of Israel" by Max Geltman: Taking Mr. Geltman's figures on U.S. aid to Israel and the Arab states, and the populations (from an almanac) for the states he mentions, my arithmetic comes to $303 per capita aid to Israel and $42 per capita to the Arabs. So each Israeli gets seven times what an Arab gets. OK, Mr. Geltman, do you still claim the U.S. favors the Arabs?
Albertson, N.Y. R. B. CREAN

Convert

I have just received and read my first *NR* from cover to cover. It is most delightful. Thank you for sending me so many piles of junk mail that I could not resist subscribing. This has completely changed my whole outlook on the value of junk mail.
Arlington, Va. JOE HALLENBERG

CONSERVATIVES ARE BIG THIS YEAR!

Much in demand, that is. Conservatives have shown substantial gains for the last few elections and now we're being taken seriously. People who never paid the least bit of attention are suddenly interested. We notice it in the requests for speakers we are already getting from non-conservative groups. If this is any indication it's going to get harder and harder to find a good conservative speaker.
They all will have been spoken for, so to speak. Don't let this happen to you or your organization. If you want to launch a candidacy, put some life into your campaign, create publicity, sell tickets for any worthy cause—you need a good speaker. And you get the best at Catherine Babcock, Inc.
So why not take the first step now. Just drop us a line.

Write today to:

Catherine Babcock INC. 544 Southside Rd., Virginia Beach, Va.

"His comments, made with exceptional clarity, are particularly pertinent in a time of considerable agitation."— *The Wall Street Journal*

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

The Literary Guild
Alternate Selection for June

At all bookstores, $5.00

From the author of *After the Lost Generation* — this bold polemic against the under-30 generation and the predictable fall-out from a youth-dominated anti-utopia has already raised a storm of controversy.

"Rings with courage and truth . . . the finest analysis yet of the extremist aspect of the current student generation and those who genuflect before it. . . . This is Ibsenite criticism of a high order."
— ROBERT BRUSTEIN

"The most valuable account of the generation gap yet to appear since the gap opened. It's so wise, so sound and true. It should be read by all parents."— HARRIET VAN HORNE

"One of the most profound studies of contemporary America." — JERZY KOSINSKI

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS 2 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ According to *Measure*, the publication of the University Centers for Rational Alternatives, the following announcement, broadcast over the Brooklyn College public address system, is typical of the situation there: "Professor Owen of the Classics Department is holding a regular class. Will a disruption collective please go to his class and see that it is terminated."

■ The voters plucked the dove in last week's Democratic senatorial primary in Pennsylvania, the first election in which the American invasion of Cambodia was an issue. The peace candidate, Norval D. Reece, state campaign manager for Gene McCarthy two years ago, got the help of editorial writers and thousands of student volunteers, but he still lost out with the voters by a 2-to-1 margin. The winner, State Senator William Sesler, a moderate on the Vietnam issue, will face Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott in November.

■ Gloria Steinem gives the word in a recent issue of *New York* Magazine: Lindsay is running for President in '72. Maybe as a Democrat, maybe as head of a third party. But he's running. Miss Steinem trailed him during his West Coast speaking tour, and got the message loud and clear. His advisers are calling it the "Urban Strategy," the potential constituency consisting of effete snobs, welfare types and blue-collar workers. John shouldn't count on that last group, however, especially after those 150,000 blue-collar types paraded through Manhattan carrying signs that read: "Stop Air Pollution: Muzzle John Lindsay." But despite working-class opposition, he's gaining among Democrats. The latest Gallup poll on the Democrats' preference for 1972 Presidential nominee shows him running a close fourth, behind Muskie, Humphrey and Teddy, but ahead of such familiar figures as Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, Fred Harris and Harold Hughes.

■ Happiest idea of this unhappy year, being talked up in Washington: Granted, America is deeply divided. Why not get down to the nitty-gritty with a public debate, to clear the air a bit, and give everyone a better idea of just where we stand? The two best exponents of the opposing views who leap to mind are: Kingman Brewster and Spiro Agnew. How about it, one of you television networks? How about it, gentlemen?

■ Edmund Muskie should be "stripped of his title as 'Mr. Pollution Control,' " fumes a Ralph Nader task force—because the 1967 Clean Air Act that Muskie co-sponsored hasn't done much good. As how could it, when Muskie insisted on "a cooperative approach with industry" and, as everybody out there in Naderland knows, Industry is The Devil. Poor Muskie. He replied that he wants to improve existing laws, and that "Nader, a newcomer to this cause, would do well to join in this constructive effort." Ed, Ralph doesn't *like* constructive efforts. Constructive efforts sometimes work—and then where would Ralph Nader be?

■ Aaaaah! Time to kick off the cordovans and settle back in the BarcaLounger for an evening with the *New York Post*. Let's see . . . Page One: four-column picture of sheriff's deputies charging a student demonstrator; long story about a dead GI who wrote an antiwar letter home just before he got zapped. Page Two: big picture of students and faculty from NYU's school of social work, on bus to Washington to "work for peace." Page Three: two more pix of cops being mean to students; big scoop suggesting that NYC's "hardhat" demonstrators aren't really construction workers or longshoremen, or if they are they aren't getting docked for time off to demonstrate. Page Five: major story about priest who got in peace-or-war argument in a country bar; was arrested; now plans to go to Italy because "I'm sick of my country." Page Seven: all nine black congressmen dislike Nixon. Page Ten: Young employee of U.S. National Guard Association quits after group's building is bombed; blames bombing on "unresponsive adults." Page 23: Antiwar students shouting "Peace! Peace!" and "Right On!" at special "Music for Peace" performance of Handel's *Messiah*. Page 34: Aging critic Ralph Gleason loves movie *Woodstock*: "If we can last long enough for this generation to take over, we may be saved." Editorial pages: Herblock; Hamill on the "bizarre and vile course" of Nixon; the usual editorials. Page 71: French pederast-criminal Jean Genet's views on America. If wishes were horses, Hercules himself couldn't clean up the offices of the *Post*.

■ And it's not just the kids. The 103rd annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island passed a resolution urging repeal of laws against "adultery, fornication, homosexual acts and certain deviant sexual practices." And the National Council of Churches, on the same day, issued a call for "national repentance" over the war in Indochina.

■ The Higher Journalism: Joe McCarthy "after all, occupied neither the Presidency nor the Vice Presidency of the U.S." Get it? Things weren't quite so bad *then*. That's Little Jimmy Wechsler, bow-tie and all, Liberal Editor.

■ "The ultra-left extremists with their revolutionary slogans and their reckless behavior can sow the seeds of a unique form of American fascism. These young people who in their revolutionary zeal are afflicted with what Lenin called 'infantile leftism' do not understand the es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sential dynamics of social change." Walter Reuther at Atlantic City, just before his death.

■ Yevgeny Yevtushenko is nothing if not topical. So naturally he gets off a poem on the Kent State shootings, for that well-known journal of the arts, *Pravda*. The day before she was shot, it seems, Allison Krause placed a flower in the gun of one of the soldiers and said, "Flowers are better than bullets." That's all Yevtushenko's muse needed, tra-la. Opening line: "Anyone who loves flowers is not naturally liked by bullets." Hmmm. Those who have hay-fever presumably are bullet-proof. As Uncle Ezra once said, poetry should be as well-written as prose. But press on. "Nineteen-year-old Allison Krause/You were killed because/You loved flowers." Well, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, as old Goethe mused: and never, here anyway, the twain shall meet. In case you don't get his point, Yevgeny nails down the moral: "Don't give a gift of flowers to a state where truth is punished./ The response of such a state is cynical and cruel." As cynical and cruel as a hack poet who exploits the death of a stranger to assure the continuing favor of his masters.

■ In connection with last month's visit by a Soviet naval flotilla to the Caribbean, four Tu-95s were flown from the Soviet Union and based in Cuba for the duration of the exercise. The Tu-95, known as "Bear," is the military version of Aeroflot's long-range Tu-114 transport. In one configuration it is used by the Soviet Air Force for carrying H-bombs. From Cuba the Bear's range would include all of the United States.

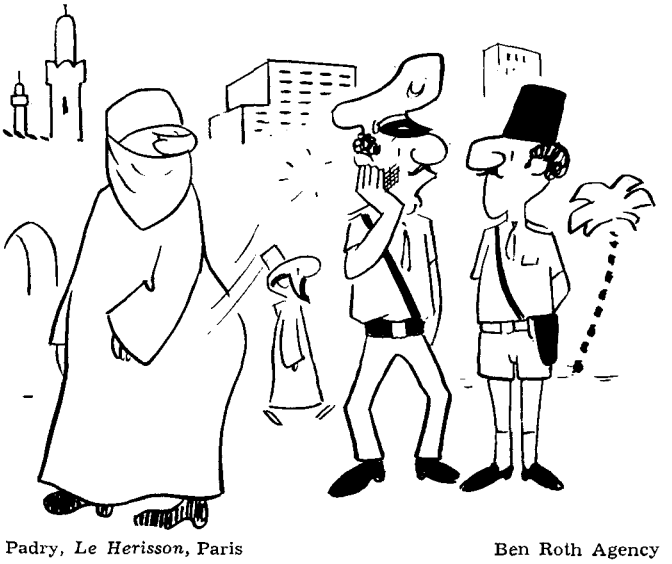
■ A reader in Bangkok writes: "There was a story in the *Bangkok Post* on May 13 which indicated that newly arrived Peace Corps members would demonstrate at the American embassy May 14 to show their unhappiness with the Nixon Administration. It didn't come off. Rumor hath it that Prime Minister Thanom not only criticized the intended demonstration but allowed as how he would throw such high-minded participants as he could lay his hands on into the local pokey. So much for the high ideals of youth. They were willing to accept embarrassment for the embassy and the U.S. Government but not incarceration for themselves. With the wisdom of youth they knew it was one thing to kick Uncle in the shins but quite another to kick the man next door."

■ If you think our intellectuals are bad, look at what the French, poor things, have to put up with. 1) Jean Genet, comparing the Bobby Seale and Dreyfus cases: "Up to now there has been no Clemenceau, no Jaurés, and especially among the intellectuals no Zola to write, *J'Accuse!*" Nicholas von Hoffman, *Washington Post*, May 18. (Which leaves out one important ingredient. Dreyfus was innocent, Seale might be guilty and we shouldn't make a judgment on that until *after* his trial.) 2) Movie director Jean-Luc Godard, on the astronauts: "When the astronauts were out there in space, I wished that they would not return. I would have been glad if they had died because they have such silly faces." The interview by Guy Flatley, *NY Times*, May 17, continues: " 'The toilets of their lunar module would not be capable of being emptied so if they had spent three more weeks on it they would have died from their own. . . .' Godard and his protégé, both of whom speak excellent English, make a private joke in French." Just in case you'd like to give Godard's latest a bye, it's called *Sympathy for the Devil*.

■ Responsible Black Leadership Department: "The Nixon and Maddox Administrations are trying to push us back, back into slavery." That's Hosea Tell-It-Like-It-Is Williams, SCLC Leader in Georgia.

■ No getting around it—there *is* Racism at Boston State College. You don't believe it? Neither did we, until we learned that Dr. Charles Shively of the history department had examined the graffiti in a campus men's room and found them—yes—*racist*. But wait—here comes James G. Colberg, from over in the philosophy department. What Shively really means, says Colberg, is *white* racism; a countercheck of the men's room in question turns up ten antiblack graffiti, five antiwhite and eleven "racially indistinguishable or neutral." Besides, says Colberg (doggone these philosophers, always getting folks confused!), "what about the possibility that some of the sick minds which orginate certain graffiti may be attacking their own groups?" Wait again—here comes the BSC administration. They've solved the whole problem. By painting the walls black.

■ Out in San Francisco, the Reverend John Kelly celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his ordination with a lovely mass. The curtain behind the altar was adorned



Padry, *Le Herisson*, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

"I thought it was a woman, but now I realize it's a Russian pilot in disguise!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the ejaculations that have helped so much in these times of woe: LOVE IS WHERE IT'S AT, LET'S RAP, CAN YOU DIG IT? Father John, in a beautiful gesture of communion, introduced his family, his psychiatrist and a fellow priest whom Father called a "beautiful cat." But all this beauty was nothing compared to Father's homily. Father spoke about pigs. Yes, pigs. In his own words: "Pig is a force that suppresses, represses, subjugates, denies growth, pushes down, and the people—God's family—are trying to come up, and the pigs in all walks of life are pushing down." Father Kelly even said there are pig priests. Well, we know of one. . . .

So Far, So Good

On the Southeast Asia front, at any rate, most signs indicate that the Cambodian operation is doing rather well; perhaps very well. Although you'd hardly guess it from the mass media (see Cato in that connection), arms and equipment have been captured in an amount that is enormous in relation both to the requirements of the enemy and to the difficulty of assembling them. To get weapons, food, medical supplies and electronic apparatus into jungle hideouts in Cambodia isn't like telephoning Sears Roebuck. The stores already captured and the storage facilities destroyed represent immense quantities of man-days; with Sihanoukville harbor closed, their replacement, even if all ARVN as well as U.S. forces clear out, would be a discouragingly long and difficult task.

With the enemy's forces in South Vietnam deprived of both their Cambodian sources of supply and their sanctuaries for rest, training, regroupment etc., the situation of the South Vietnamese-American defenders in the entire southern region of South Vietnam is greatly improved. All reports agree that the operation has had an exhilarating effect on the morale of the allied forces—especially the South Vietnamese—who have been acutely aware of what the Cambodian sanctuaries meant militarily, and have felt frustrated by the prohibition on interfering with them. For the South Vietnamese units, moreover, this operation is a very useful large-scale training exercise in the development of the army that is taking over, stage by stage, from the American allies.

But perhaps the best evidence of the success of the operation is the Soviet attitude. Brezhnev and *Pravda* have made the ritual condemnation of the American action, of course, but nothing more than ritual, and not in very spirited language at that. The Kremlin was clearly taken by surprise, and it must have been saddening to see all those Soviet-supplied stores end up in the hands of the imperialist aggressor. Most significant of all, Moscow has not, like Peking, recognized Prince Sihanouk's new "Government of National Union." Kosygin said a few kind words about the Prince, but on being specifically queried by newsmen, he only hemmed and hawed on recognition. It almost looks as if the Presidium would just as soon let Sihanouk be Peking's baby. That could only mean that Moscow, guessing he's not going to get very far, would just as soon stay clear of a loser.

Cambodia Protest: The Real Meaning

"We're giving the system one last chance," said the NYU student, setting up as a Washington peace lobbyist. Awfully nice of him—to give our two-hundred-year-old constitutional system *one last chance* to adopt his policy preferences in Southeast Asia. Yet that is the word going out, amplified by the immense loudspeaker system of our mass media. The last chance.

Words themselves have begun to stretch under pressure into odd and unfamiliar shapes. We have not "listened" to the dissenters on the war, so we are told. But we have been "hearing" them in massed chorus for the last five years in speeches, demonstrations, books, editorials, movies, slanted news stories and TV commentaries. Ah, but "listen" to the dissenters really means "agree to their proposals."

Precisely here is the clue to the inner meaning of the Great Cambodia Protest, and, further, an explanation of its hysteria—for its emotional content was wildly disproportionate to the limited military venture.

The protesters and dissenters come in large numbers from the academy; add to these, assorted ministers and preachers, media types from newspapers, magazines, radio and TV, the housewives from Gene's suburbs and some frightened or demagogic politicians. The protest comes, then, roughly from the most vocal segment of those who *lost* the 1968 election, and would not have voted for Richard Nixon if he had walked on the water; and it comes from the centers of fundamentalist liberal feeling. What was lost in the election, so they intend, will be made up for by the pressures, very considerable, that they can bring to bear.

Nor is it really Cambodia itself which has released their emotions and their rhetoric, brought the campus to a standstill, created the student lobby in Washington and driven Tom Wicker up the wall. Rather it is the entire tendency and tone of Nixon's policy: the Supreme Court nominations, the slowdown on forced integration, the Douglas impeachment moves, Agnew rampant on a field argent, the ABM, the unfamiliar—the awful—absence of evangelistic rhetoric as regards the blacks: the growing and grating sense that what have heretofore passed as "enlightened" directions are being abandoned, the whole previous liberal tendency being gradually transformed. For these segments of the population feel deeply, because they have been taught so to feel, that liberal politics is the only respectable politics, really the only legitimate politics. Their rage is the rage of a class that fears it is being displaced, even delegitimized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Nixon now faces a difficult yet also fascinating problem, even an unprecedented one. He no doubt has a majority in the country (the Gallup poll shows 57-31 support for his Cambodia moves). But he must hold his majority, and beyond that govern, despite the frantic hostility of the verbalist minority. The academy has been liberal since around 1936; the media have been liberal since the mid-1940s. This will change only slowly. Meanwhile the country must be governed against the wishes of the ideologues and the verbalists whose strength is impressive everywhere but at the polling booth.

Where We Are

The campus scene now grows familiar (though see "Campus Counterrevolution?"). A mob of turbulent and jeering students, coeds shrieking, rocks and bottles; a smaller contingent of police or National Guardsmen; confusion, shattering glass. Shots, more shouts, and bodies sprawled on the ground. Then the mourning, the investigation, and the moralizing. Flags at half-staff. Eric Sevareid.

But such questions as whether the police or soldiers panicked, or whether their riot-control doctrine was obsolescent, are really of secondary importance. The current wave of violence, which will probably get worse before it gets better, was inevitable. For over a decade we have witnessed the promotion of a variety of "revolutions"—not, to be sure, all-out revolution, the storming of the Winter Palace—but small-scale revolution. The Black Revolution, the Student Revolution, the Revolution in Morals, the Youth Revolution and so forth. Each has been pressed and praised, each has been merchandised as entertainment; but each has stepped outside the orderly processes of society. From the civil-rights sit-ins in the South in the early Sixties, to the Poor People's encampment, to hippies having intercourse in Golden Gate Park, to smashing cars and burning buildings, to Yale's mob protest against the trial of the indicted Black Panthers, to takeovers and seizures, to the student mob in the street outside the White House, the content has been antinomian, has involved an affront to established procedures and recognized norms. Each time the fabric of society has been torn a bit, and each time, usually, there has been a Kingman Brewster at hand to enlarge the tear just a bit more.

But revolutions do not occur in a vacuum. As in physics, for every action there is a reaction, every pressure produces a counterpressure. The shots at Kent State, at Jackson State, in Augusta, at Berkeley and in Santa Barbara were part of the revolutionary process, not separate and "accidental" occurrences. A policeman does not pull the trigger prematurely by chance; he does so because ancillary events have brought him psychically to just the point where he is ready to pull that trigger. He is as much a part of the process as the student mob, or Jerry Rubin, or Kingman Brewster, or Huey Newton. To begin with A is to invite B; to press a revolution is to evoke bullets. That is what revolutions *are*.

Representative democracy is a form of government under which the will of the citizens finds its expression through an ordered series of offices and institutions, which are in turn charged with conducting the affairs of the society. Mob action is a tyranny in which the intermediary institutions are bypassed and rule is exercised by demagogues and tyrants issuing from the mob. Mob rule is by definition revolutionary in its relationship to representative democracy, and it is by nature lawless and violent. Inevitably it leads to bloodshed. Those who have encouraged the mob, often very respectable and "moral" individuals, might just as well have pulled the triggers.

Campus Counterrevolution?

In the wake of the emotional over-reaction to Cambodia, students on many campuses have begun to object strongly to the radicalization and politicization of their colleges.

Many are taking the lawsuit route. Students at Washington University in St. Louis are suing the University for $7,700,000 for failure to "prevent the repeated disruption of classes and other educational activities." At Stanford, members of Harvey Hukari's Free Campus Movement are suing for $1,050,000 in actual and punitive damages. The students, beaten by a mob of radicals from off-campus, charge that the University failed to provide adequate protection.

Lawsuits have also been instituted at Marymount College, George Washington Law School, Wayne State and Adelphi. At embattled Columbia, now so radicalized that 66 of the 68 players on the varsity football team support the student strike, and where students must get passes from radicals to use the libraries, one group of undergraduates is threatening to sue if the university does not return a sizable portion of their tuition. One graduating senior, the subject of numerous death threats, has been told that he must chase his striking professors up and down the East Coast for his final grades. Other-

Dr. Hyde, Move Over

My fingers tend to tingle;
  My temples often throb.
I'm manic when I mingle;
  I hiss at every mob.
A tendency to mutter
  Cannot be localized.
When Fulbright spouts, I sputter:
  You think I'm polarized?

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wise, no diploma. He intends to sue if the administration doesn't quickly collect its wits.

As the lawsuits mushroom, other students are forming emergency organizations to combat radical strikers. At Hofstra and Dartmouth, groups called "Strike Back" are opposing those militant professors and students who want the campuses closed. The Dartmouth antistrikers circulated petitions for the immediate resumption of classes and campaigned against politicization of the campus. Letters went out to alumni, and funds rolled in for Strike Back. At Hofstra, Strike Back polled the locked-out student body by phone and discovered that students demanding the university reopen immediately outnumbered those who wanted it closed by better than 5 to 1.

A new group called Students For Responsible Action, based in Jacksonville, Florida, provides students with two cards, one for the president of their college, one for President Nixon. "I pledge," the cards read in part, "to support my college, abide by its rules, preserve its academic climate, and affirm my faith and allegiance to my country." A similarly worded petition has been sent to Washington by students at Mount Saint Mary College in Newburgh, N.Y. A group of Harvard students, in a letter to the *New York Times*, say: "However one may feel about national and international politics, they are no reason to abandon the enterprise of teaching and learning."

And at Smith, students have addressed an open letter to the members of their community, which reads in part: "We who endorse this statement represent a wide spectrum of views concerning these issues raised by the Strike Committee [but] we are united by our objection to a strike within an academic community as a means of political protest. . . . The disruption of the objective educational process for a one-sided presentation of political issues is a denial of the equal academic opportunity that has been guaranteed to all students. . . . Personal or group pressure inflicted upon those who wish to continue their work is repressive and an infringement of an individual's freedom, and not to be tolerated on or off campus. Having made this statement, we are now going back to work and hope that others will have the freedom to do the same."

Powers and Dominations

The Cambodian question has once again pushed into prominence one of the great constitutional disputes that has had a perennial root in our political history. Senators who oppose the Cambodian operation declare that the President has unconstitutionally usurped the "war power" vested in the legislature. They have introduced several resolutions designed to curb the President and reassert what they hold to be the legislature's prerogatives. The key measure is a proposed amendment to the military appropriations bill, introduced by Senators Frank Church (D., Idaho), John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.) and a couple of dozen cosponsors. This would prohibit use of any funds to keep American troops or advisers in Cambodia or to send air combat missions over Cambodia after June 30.

The President and those senators who support his Cambodia decision counter that these proposals are an unconstitutional invasion of his powers as commander in chief.

It is difficult not to be a little cynical about the "constitutional arguments" when one notes that only senators opposed to the President's decision find it unconstitutional whereas all senators who support it defend its constitutional propriety, and when we further note that many of today's strict constructionists on Presidential powers were ready for anything when their men were in the saddle. Still, there really is a constitutional problem, however small a role it may be playing in the current controversy.

Moreover, like most constitutional issues, it is a problem that cannot be settled by mere reference to the words of the Constitution. The Constitution is ambiguous about the locus of "the war power"—deliberately so; or, rather, it deliberately divides the war power between chief executive and legislature. The President partakes of the war power as commander in chief, and it is the commander in chief who in the most direct sense "makes war." He gives the orders to the armed forces. The Congress has a large but more indirect share in the war power by its specifically defined powers "to declare war," to control the amount of money available to the armed forces and "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

At the Philadelphia Convention one early wording assigned Congress the power "to make war," but the experience of the Continental Congress had taught the delegates the incompetence of a legislature at "making war," and they replaced "make" with "declare." Now, "declaring" a war is certainly not the same thing as "making" it. There are innumerable episodes from the earliest Administrations of fighting by our armed forces without a congressional declaration. Jefferson did not

A Modest Proposal

My radio is Japanese.
For all I know, my BVD's
Are products of an export plan
Originating in Japan.

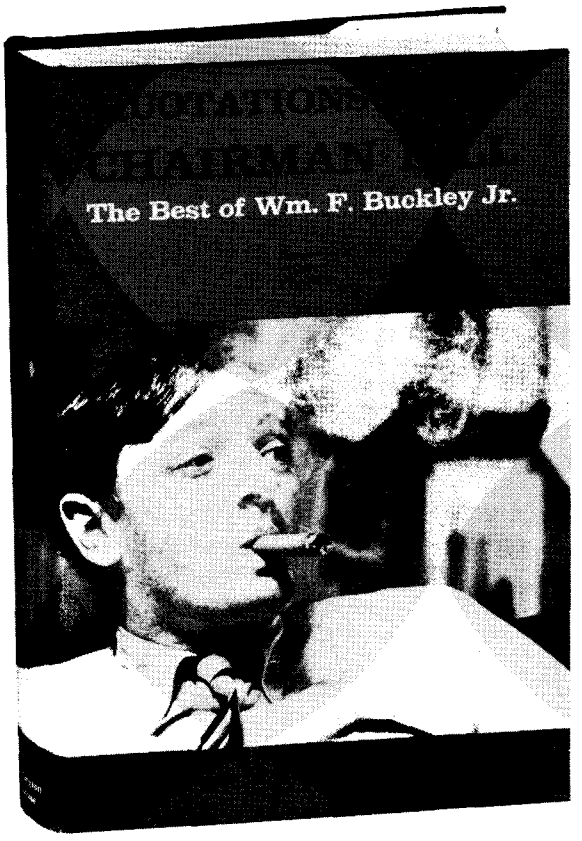
The Datsuns and Toyotas soar
As Ford and Chrysler mop the floor.
Does anybody think we can
Do something, soon, about Japan?

I know progressives get alarmed,
But if the Japanese rearmed,
They'd export less—and Nixon-san
Could crawl back in the frying pan.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've heard about this book (who hasn't?) and you want to get a copy now (who wouldn't?) Then this special offer is for you (read on!)



This is the book that everyone's been waiting for! "Quotations from Chairman Bill" has over 300 pages of Bill Buckley at his individual sharpest and wittiest! There are almost 900 quotations (handily arranged by topic). You'll find Buckley's most memorable comments on people like Gore Vidal, Ted Kennedy, Robert McNamara, LBJ, Ted Sorenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Jacob Javits, Dr. Spock, Nelson Rockefeller, John Lindsay, the Beatles, Eugene McCarthy, David Susskind, Susan Sontag, Ralph Ginzburg and many, many more!

Other subjects covered (in the Buckley style) include: Drugs, the Sexual Revolution, Welfare, The New York Times, The New York Post, the CIA, Civil Rights, the Church, the Berkley riots, the Bay of Pigs and, well . . . the list goes on and on . . . including just about anything that might turn up in your *own* discussions and arguments.

Here are some examples of Chairman Bill in action:

"A witticism of John Lindsay is recorded that when he was the Congressman for Manhattan and voted on a single day against a subversive control bill and against an obscenity control bill, that he commented to an aide that Congress was trying to crack down on his constituency's two major products."

". . . though liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it sometimes shocks them to learn that there *are* other points of view."

"I am obliged to confess that I should sooner live in a society governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than in a society governed by two thousand faculty members of Harvard University . . ."

"If the behavior of the policemen [at the 1968 Democratic Convention] was . . . a reflection of the systematic totalitarian corruption by Mayor Daley, then surely the question should have arisen, how come Mayor Daley was the favorite Mayor of John and Bobby Kennedy? . . ."

"Quotations From Chairman Bill" brings you the choicest quotes from everything Wm. F. Buckley has written: his books, articles, speeches, newspaper columns, plus many unsigned editorials from ***National Review*** *never before reprinted. "Quotations from Chairman Bill" is already one of the most talked-about (and quoted from) books of the season . . . Order your copy from us* ***now!*** *and save over $4.00 on the price of the book.*

You can get this popular brand-new book anywhere for the retail price of $6.95 but we felt that since so many of our readers have heard about it and will certainly want to add it to their personal library that we'd make a special combination offer: Pay just $2.95 plus your own renewal (or a new subscription) to *National Review* and you'll receive "Quotations From Chairman Bill" for less than half price!!

(We must ask you to enclose payment with your order. By saving billing costs, we can pass the savings on to you and offer "Quotations from Chairman Bill" at this low price! Fill out and mail the card facing the page today! Our supply of books is limited. Many thanks!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Ben Roth Agency

"Well, do we bravely break with tradition and disassociate ourselves from them, or courageously stand by them in the face of mounting criticism?"

ask congressional authority to send ships after the pirates operating from North African ports, Lincoln did not wait for a declaration to begin responding to the attack on Fort Sumter, Wilson sent Pershing into Mexico without benefit of declaration, there was no declaration of the Korean War. This country has carried out hundreds, probably thousands, of military operations beyond its borders, but has had only five declared wars (including the Civil War). Even in these cases, formal declaration by Congress came only after fighting had already started or become inevitable.

But the formal declaration is not the central point. The real war power of Congress resides in its appropriating function and more fundamentally in its being a representative expression of the will and interests of the citizens. The commander in chief cannot march off if the nation will not follow. Therefore there *must* be a sufficient degree of agreement between Congress and the President, a sufficient consensus, in order to conduct a war of any scope or length. If this collapses, as it nearly did in the North in the Civil War, as it has been on the brink of doing in this war, then it will be impossible to carry on the war successfully. It is almost certain that none of these unworkably restrictive Senate bills will pass Congress, but discussion of them serves to establish what degree of agreement and consensus does now exist in relation to this war, and thus sets the limits on the actions of the commander in chief. In this way, far more subtly than the often specious verbal arguments, the incomparable spirit of our bruised and battered but still living Constitution is fulfilled.

While Congress and the President are on this constitutional kick, they might be advised to direct a little attention to the revolt of the bureaucrats. In the Department of Justice and the State Department and most conspicuously in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, increasing numbers of employees are agitating—and presumptively in some measure acting—contrary to the policies of the Administration (e.g., on civil rights, schools, Cambodia). They are, in fact, carrying out a vendetta against the Administration, as their leaks of confidential documents show.

Whatever the constitutional complexities surrounding the war power, there can be no dispute that from a constitutional point of view the various executive departments and their employees are an arm of the Executive, and that it is their job and duty to carry out the Executive's orders. Off the job they have, no doubt, the rights of all citizens to speak their mind, vote for candidates of their choice, etc. But on the job they do what they are assigned to do. It would be an intolerable perversion of constitutional, not to speak of organizational, relations if the bureaucrats were at liberty to run the country according to their taste instead of their orders. If instead of carrying out the Administration's policies they sabotage them, then, one would think self-evidently, they should be fired.

Growing Apart in Manhattan

It's high time for Margaret Mead to go back to Samoa and disembowel herself. The good lady anthropologist, who's been titillating undergraduates for decades with her superb studies of the customs and quirks of primitive peoples (e.g., *Coming of Age in Samoa*) has gone bananas, and now hangs out at the Museum of Natural History in New York, dreaming the impossible dream: a nation of people just like Margaret Mead, all puffing away on their joints, all hot to issue *obiter dicta* on the state of the world, all turning up on every nighttime TV talk show.

The latest Meadiocrities were decked out on the *Dick Cavett Show* the other day. Miss Margaret, a bit miffed because the program was being taped for telecasting four days later—Relevancy! Currency! Now!—nonetheless stayed with the show and dropped a few pearls of wisdom. Our Lady of the Forest Primeval was in a royal blue snit about the madman in Washington and his horrible oppressive aggressive war. The usual line.

The strike was on and the dear lady was just bubbling over. Here she declared from On High: "The war for the universities is won. It's over. Students, faculty, administrators—they're all united. Now they must move on to other battles, because they're all on the same side now. This is the greatest thing." To which little Dickie Cavett smiled his pixie smile, and to which *part* of the audience applauded. Her reasoning was essentially that Margaret Mead has decided that all Americans at universities are together on this Vietnam-Cambodia-Kent State thing, the proof being that Margaret Mead has so decided.

We'd like to enter a demurrer: Why were so many schools *not* on strike, if la Mead is right? Who has polled all the college students nationwide so as to ascertain their positions? What about the debates going on in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colleges across the land—debates indicating conflicting opinions? If Margaret Mead had been speaking the truth, ten million students would be out banging on doors to solicit funds for "peace" candidates, petitioning Congress, hanging Mr. Nixon in effigy—or maybe, if Margaret Mead had her way, hanging him for keeps. The fact is that Margaret Mead was talking nonsense, maybe from reading too many entrails. Get thee to a mud-hut, Maggie, and tell it to Hanoi. —DAVID BRUDNOY

Image-Makers at Work

To start with you have to understand that Joaquín Balaguer is a bad thing. He was voted into office *after* the U.S. Marine intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1966, and he was and is pro-West. In addition, he defeated Juan Bosch, the heartbeat of American liberals until such time, some years later, when Bosch admitted that what the Dominican Republic really needed was a "dictatorship" with you-know-who as dictator. And finally, the election which put Balaguer into office as President wasn't even crooked, those bona fide liberals, Norman Thomas et al., who went down to check on it pronounced it honest. So . . . four years later when Balaguer is re-elected, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* report it thus (for convenience in interpreting their accounts, we italicize the pejorative words):

"Juan de Onis, special to the *New York Times*, Santo Domingo, May 17—President Joaquín Balaguer won re-election today to a second four-year term by a wide margin over four opponents. The returns from yesterday's orderly election indicated that the Dominican Republic would continue under a conservative government backed by the military and business interests that *responds to political unrest with repressive measures and is slow to adopt social reforms*."

"Special to the *Washington Post* by Lewis H. Diuguid. Santo Domingo, May 17—Virtually complete returns showed today that President Joaquín Balaguer won an absolute majority over four other candidates in Saturday's *contest for power* [why not just "election"?] in the Dominican Republic, *which so often in the past has proved to be ungovernable*. The turnout at the polls was no greater than four years ago [why not "equaled that of four years ago"?] though the number of potential voters has kept pace with the booming population. But Balaguer said he was not concerned about the abstentions.

" 'Many people stayed home because they knew my party would win easily,' he said [actually it *did* win easily], confronting the press [why "confronting?" why not just "meeting with the press"?] in his *middle-class* house [middle-class equals bad]. He sat small and quiet beneath a *poor copy* of Goya's *naked Maja* [to be sure "naked" could be good these days]."

Any journalism teacher worth his salt would have flunked de Onis and Diuguid. But the editors of the *Times* and the *Post* are less discriminating, unless, of course, it was they who doctored the so-called news stories.

Walter Reuther, RIP

NR and Walter Reuther were on different sides of most issues most of the time, but we do not differ from his admirers in recognizing that he was one of the ablest and most influential leaders of his generation. His career coincided with labor's coming of age as a major social and political force in this country, and Walter Reuther had a big role in the shaping of that momentous development. His career began in the fierce wasteland of Detroit in the Great Depression, and he had to take on, together and successively, the mighty auto companies with their then-arrogant labor policies and their ruthless cycles of layoff and all-out production, the craft unions of the AFL, the Communist Party's rival union of its early Thirties "red trade union" policy, and the internal factions both left and right of the United Automobile Workers. Reuther won out. He built the UAW into a great and powerful organization, solidly entrenched within the auto industry itself and stretching out into such partly connected fields as aerospace. From the beginning Reuther rejected the Gompers tradition of craft unions and political neutrality between major parties. He visualized industrial unions corresponding, as he saw it, to the consolidating great corporations and able to treat with them, and he joined John L. Lewis to form the Congress of Industrial Organizations in that perspective. He saw the unions not as mere bargaining mechanisms to get the best economic deal for their members but as powerful political groupings that should actively enter the political and social areas, to influence or control candidates and elections and to advance "progressive" causes whether or not these had any special relationship to the labor movement. To such ends he guided his own and other unions.

He was in his outlook more or less what Europeans call a "social democrat." In the American context this led him toward the New Deal and the Democratic Party, in which he became a major power, toward extreme welfarist proposals (he was an early advocate of a large-size guaranteed annual income) and a soft tendency in foreign policy. This last, especially, along with his own power concerns, led to a widening breach between him and the old-line AFL-CIO leadership, and formation together with the Teamsters of the new American Labor Alliance that may not long outlast him. For years auto management fought him with all weapons on every front. Reuther always got all he could for his members—and he got a lot—but he was a responsible leader of his organization, and he stood firmly behind his signature on the contract. The auto managers may have more than personal reasons to regret his passing when the last Reuther-negotiated contract expires this autumn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes & Asides

■ Tom McSloy replies to the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, as follows:

Several editors seem anxious to believe that I have only "an occasional vagrant conservative impulse," while my main world-view is "nihilist" or "liberal-permissive-sensate." They refuse to believe that a "real" conservative could advocate sexual freedom, a greater student voice in university affairs and an end to repressive drug legislation.

Therefore, let me present a few conservative credentials: Since turning 21, I have voted an exclusively Republican ticket, except once when I couldn't bear to vote for Chuck Percy. In college, I was a member of the Young Republicans and the Young Conservatives, whose magazine I edited. I am still proud to say that the first vote I ever cast was for Barry Goldwater.

I seem to have wrested the grudging admission that long hair and rock music may not be the devil's creations, and that NATIONAL REVIEW does not always deflate right-wing pomposities with the same glee that, say, the *New York Times* inspires. Our disagreement appears to center on campus unrest, sexual freedom and drug use.

My original point was not to defend the campus radicals, but to argue that they never would have achieved such power had university administrations been more responsive to their students.

Mr. Hart wanted more details about those "legitimate student reforms" I mentioned. Abolition of racial discrimination in admissions and housing is certainly one. Some attempt to involve students *as individuals* in university life, rather than abandoning them to the impersonal education machine Mr. Kirk condemns. Giving students some voice in administrative decisions affecting them. Finding an intelligent alternative to the "publish-or-perish" syndrome that has cost universities many of their best teachers. Edging away from the concept of in loco parentis, at least for students over twenty-one.

But what happens when students are in general agreement, when their complaints are just and their administration flatly refuses any compromise? The radicals come forward, transformed by widespread student support into a very serious threat. Once this happens, they try, and usually succeed, in keeping tensions so high that merely granting the original reforms is no longer enough.

The issues of sexual freedom and drugs are tied up in the larger question of to what degree, and on what grounds, society may restrict private, personal behavior. Society should certainly keep people from cultivating poppies to obtain opium. The dangers of opiates are horribly obvious. Mass conscription in time of war is justified, to save the threatened society from extinction. Even the right to bear children may some day be restricted if it becomes clear that the survival of the human race is at stake.

I am not convinced, however, that the arguments in favor of anti-opiate laws pertain equally to marijuana. I am not sure that the threat which marshaled the conscript army that crushed Nazi Germany is equally present in Indochina. And I do not believe that society should restrict the sexual behavior of its members, as long as it is done in private, and by consenting adults, except for a cause as compelling as human survival.

These are, in their philosophical underpinning, *conservative* positions. It is the Left that continually urges new violations of our liberty for the sake of supposed benefits to society as a whole.

"My intention in writing . . . is to vindicate the freedom of the person as the central and primary end of political society." I almost wrote that without attribution, so familiar is it to me. These ringing words are Frank Meyer's, whose nose I elsewhere tweak, but whose thought has guided me at least part of the way to the positions I here defend. Though we may not always agree, we fight on the same side.

—TOM MCSLOY

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I'm a conservative senior at Benjamin N. Cardozo H. S. in Bayside, New York. I have run across a problem in my English class. Mr. Reines, my English teacher, teaches Twentieth Century Literature, and so we spend a great deal of time reading essays by such authors as Tom Wicker, Jimmy Breslin, Stokely Carmichael. (James Burnham or William Buckley? Not on your life!) Quite naturally, in evaluating these works, the liberal/conservative schism appears between us. To compound this, Mr. Reines takes great pleasure in informing the class of what an ass you are, as a way of knocking down conservative arguments.

Finally today he became exasperated with me and told me that you are a pompous fool and that he would love to debate you face to face to prove it.

He has the whole class hypnotized by his daily doses of concentrated liberalism. I would love to see his arguments put to the supreme test. So if you are not so tied up that you could not spare a day to come out to Bayside, and have a face to face debate with Mr. Reines for my English class, I would appreciate hearing from you.

Mitchell Frost
Little Neck, N.Y.

Dear Mitchell: Tell your English teacher if he thinks I'm "pompous," he shouldn't be teaching English, because he doesn't know what pompous means. But it's okay to call me a fool—that is proper usage. On the other hand, he had better watch out. See Matthew 5:22. **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATO

PHOTOGRAPHS YOU HAVEN'T SEEN

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

For two weeks now, the Pentagon has had on file numbers of photographs of the weapons and other matériel American and South Vietnamese forces have uncovered in Cambodia. The joint moves into the Fishhook and Parrot's Beak areas of Cambodia turned up incredible supplies of 120 mm. mortar shells, antitank mines, antiaircraft machine guns and 140 mm. rocket launchers in addition to stores of rifles and ammunition. The public information services of the Pentagon have informed the news services and newspapers around the country that these photographs are available. But as of this writing, two weeks after the word had gone out, none of the papers or the wire services had responded. (That's not quite accurate: UPI took one picture.) The two magazines that have published the Pentagon-provided photographs are the conservative *U.S. News & World Report* and *Human Events*. Since it was to clean out these arms depots that President Nixon decided to send U.S. troops into Cambodia, this kind of photographic evidence that the mission has been successful would tend to swing opinion Mr. Nixon's way. The lack of interest among the responsible newspapers in the country would seem to indicate a different kind of news management—the kind Mr. Agnew speaks of.

Pentagon sources also report—and there has been little or no news coverage of this—that a major side effect of the Cambodian operation has been a rise in troop morale in Vietnam. The average combat soldier is not a very complicated person. He can figure out that every weapon that is captured in Cambodia is a weapon that won't be used against him. And as the totals of captured equipment reach the tens of thousands of tons, his spirits go up.

The number of lives lost, as opposed to the greater number that would have been lost had the U.S. not moved into Cambodia, is seen by a number of Washington theorists as a parallel to the number of lives lost in the Vietnam war, as opposed to the number that would be lost if the U.S. withdrew precipitously. Douglas Pike, a prominent American authority on Southeast Asia, in a monograph soon to be released, says a fast U.S. pullout would be followed by "a night of the long knives" in which all possible dissidents will be liquidated. He believes as many as three million people might be killed.

Scott in Trouble

GOP Senate Leader Hugh Scott's remarks in Philadelphia to a black audience that he is "the only barrier on the Republican side of the aisle to the Southern strategy" is a classic example of why Scott may be in trouble next session. Senators Barry Goldwater (Ariz.), Carl Curtis (Neb.) and Paul Fannin (Ariz.) are reportedly urging Kansas Republican Robert Dole to battle Scott for the GOP leadership. Both Dole and Howard Baker (Tenn.) are known to be interested in the post.

Speculation about Senate GOP leadership of necessity centers on the 1970 senatorial elections, including Scott's own bid for re-election. Among the GOP senatorial prospects, potential newcomer Robert Taft of Ohio would probably back Scott, as would potential Republicans from Connecticut and Maryland. But it is hard for Senate handicappers to see a new Senator Brock from Tennessee, a Carswell or Cramer from Florida, a Roudebush from Indiana, a Roth from Delaware, a Bush from Texas, or a Wold from Wyoming voting for Scott.

Conservative Republicans, including some who backed Scott for the leadership last time around, are upset about Scott's flap with the VFW and American Legion commanders in the Senate Press Gallery. Scott brought the two to the Press Gallery to make a statement about the Cambodian intervention. But when they strongly criticized Senators McGovern, Fulbright, Cooper and Church for submitting a resolution that would insure "humiliation" of U.S. forces, Scott disavowed any personal connection with the statement and wrote the four Senators dissociating himself from it. The action has cost Scott further in credit at the White House and has probably hurt him among veterans' groups in Pennsylvania.

Short, Cool Summer?

The black community has been engaged in a vigorous but largely unreported dispute over tactics in the wake of the killing of blacks in Augusta, Georgia, and Jackson, Mississippi, during racial disorders and campus protests. Followers of Malcolm X are engaged in a long-standing running debate with such groups as the Black United Front (BUF). Rev. Douglas Moore, BUF chairman, at Howard University recently called for what amounts to military preparation by blacks for the summer. "If you are really serious about wanting to help me, buy ammunition," Moore said. "Let's get on with our target practice. You supply the ammunition."

A number of older professors at Howard, at Morgan State College in Baltimore, and in other black schools in the Washington area oppose Moore. But the more effective opposition is coming from a group of followers of Malcolm X, including a number belonging to an organization called Black Liberation Army (BLA). The BLA position is that blacks should avoid violence at all costs because they are bound either to lose or to suffer more than other segments of society because of it. Hitherto the BUF has gotten all the publicity, and the older "Tom" opposition has been ineffectual. But the pragmatic arguments of the BLA may have some effect in cooling what might well be a very hot summer in Washington. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES BURNHAM

IN A GLASS, CLEARLY

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Anybody can tell us how the country and the world *ought* to be run. Can and does. The book counters and newsstands groan under the piles of print giving all the answers. There isn't a preacher or taxi driver, senator or sophomore, bartender or TV commentator, janitor or professor who won't explain to every accessible ear what's wrong with domestic and foreign policies and how to set them right.

The self-confidence with which the cures are prescribed is not at all weakened by the readily demonstrable fact that 99.999 per cent of our self-appointed guides have not the slightest idea what they are talking about. College students who haven't had an hour's experience of work, government or war and who wouldn't enter a class in geography or economics unless dragged feet first by a platoon of state cops, know exactly what should be done everywhere from Pnompenh to Harlem. Baby doctors broadcast instant remedies for poverty, race conflict and war. Chaplains give the word on anti-missile systems. Everyone tells us how things ought to be run, but very few bother to inform themselves and the rest of us how things actually *are* run. It is so much more exciting to save the world than to try to understand it.

In the midst of this hortatory ocean I have had the good luck to come on two trim craft heading sturdily against the tide: Miles Copeland's *The Game of Nations* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95) and Brian Crozier's *The Masters of Power* (Little, Brown, $8.95). It is a refreshing encounter for anyone as sick of ideology as I am.

Brian Crozier is an Englishman who has written a first-rate biography of Franco and several excellent books on campaigns of the protracted conflict. From 1954-64 he edited *Foreign Report*—the weekly bulletin, published by the *Economist*, that is probably the world's most reliable journal of international affairs. Miles Copeland is cautiously identified on the jacket as "at one time employed by the State Department and a man who helped organize the CIA, a former diplomat, businessman, Middle East expert."

The Florentine Perspective

Both of these men write as avowed Machiavellians. That is, they reject all ideology; they seek to discover the truth about political events; they postulate that the primary dimension of politics, both national and international, is the struggle for power. Both use specific historical subject matter to test generalizations and laws.

Crozier's incidents illustrate the various modes of power: "Internal Power" through personal rule (de Gaulle); terror (Soviet Union); "flower power" or brainwashing (Mao); "elective rule" (the Suez affair, Harold Wilson, Lyndon Johnson); "International Power" through nuclear arms, limited war (China, Israel); revolutionary war (North Vietnam, Algeria), secret war (Guatemala, Congo, Ghana, Iran, Cuba, Indonesia).

Copeland explains that he has "concentrated on the Middle East because I have often been there as The Guest No One Invites Again and have been directly involved in much of the 'cryptodiplomacy' that accounts for the apparently illogical behavior of Middle Eastern leaders dealing with the West and of Western diplomats dealing with the Middle Eastern governments." Many of the incidents he narrates, mostly from first-hand experience, will astonish those readers who picture our government's foreign operations in "the romanticized version they infer from autobiographies of our nation's leaders." His tales of such episodes as the Syrian election of 1947, the Za'in coup of 1949 and the attempted $3-million bribe of Nasser are hilarious.

In a lecture to the Egyptian War College UAR Vice President Zakaria Mohieddin said of "the Game of Nations": "It differs from the other games—poker, war, commerce—in several important respects. First, each player has his own aims, different from those of the others, which constitute 'winning'; second, every player is forced by his own domestic circumstances to make moves in the Game which have nothing to do with winning and which, indeed, might impair chances of winning; third, in the Game of Nations there are no winners, only losers. The objective of each player is not so much to win as to avoid loss. The common objective of players in the Game of Nations is merely to keep the Game going. The alternative to the Game is war."

Players or Puppets?

Detailed rules of the Game, as played by a Nasserite type of government, are given in a memorandum, "Power Problems of a Revolutionary Government," by James Eichelberger of the State Department. Copeland includes this document as an appendix; it is worth a thoughtful reading.

Whatever the type of government, one rule abundantly confirmed in both these books is this: that in the order of political priorities, "a national leader's first objective is to stay in power or, if he cannot, to retire from power with a minimum of personal loss." It follows as corollary that domestic affairs take precedence over foreign affairs. It is this that explains the seeming irrationality of so many foreign policy moves. They are in truth irrational (inappropriate, ineffective, absurd) in relation to the external situation. But they can at the same time be rational, even inevitable, in the controlling context—the domestic situation and the leaders' power relation to the domestic situation. It is this emotionally unpalatable fact that makes much of what is written about foreign policy irrelevant. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLLUTION

Environment, pollution, whatever you call it, is the crusade du jour. Everyone's getting into the act. But when you come right down to it, what can be done? A few thoughts on the matter

Do We Want Environment?

NICHOLAS KING

For our just and proper uses of
the natural riches of the world—
We pray to Thee
Lord, hear our prayer

ENVIRONMENT has now penetrated the church (in this case in part of a proposed new liturgy for Episcopalians). Someone has even suggested that St. Francis of Assisi—on rather flimsy evidence—be named the environmental patron saint.

Not only the church, but something generally held more sacred in our world, the cancer-prevention business, has also announced its worry about what's happening to us all. And the people who used to tell you on television and radio not to smoke now warn you not to breathe.

Meanwhile Earth Day (April 22) has produced an orgy of middle-class soul-searching while thousands of yellow and white daisies distributed to the curious on Fifth Avenue by euphoric volunteers immediately made their own contribution to gutter compost. Earth Day has come and gone, and, in the landscape of the Northeast at any rate, no one has been able to notice fewer beer cans. The gesture was important, and there will be significant repetitions of it; but like all protests it cannot be sufficient unto itself. It is well to remember that those who do most to save or preserve the earth are not generally to be found among the crowds who make up modish urban demonstrations. Nor are they among the travel ad copywriters who with ingenious taste offer, via Swissair, "Two Weeks of Unpolluted Joy. From $317."

There is no intention to be flippant about the threat to the environment in all its forms. A walk along the Hoboken waterfront will be enough to convince anyone of the dimensions of the problem, and it may be safely assumed that fears and conclusions apply everywhere. But the issue is getting to look like the newest fad without nearly enough serious consideration of what environment really is, first of all, and secondly what can truly be done about it.

If you include urban and service breakdown in the general pollution and destruction package—and I think that you should—it would take an analysis of Western industrial society as a whole to deal with it properly. What I would like to do is to call attention to one or two basic conditions whose transformation is essential to any real solution of what we face in terms of universal decay.

Population control is the obvious beginning, but population control is simply not practical in the near future. Children are all the poor have to love; children are the ultimate status pedestal for the rich, or shall one say the upper-middle class (ride a few of the elevators in high-rise office buildings and listen to the conversations about schools and colleges).

We cannot then seriously consider a population solution but we must begin somewhere. To begin seriously, we must start with those chiefly responsible for environment damage and attempt to persuade them to stop. If they do not stop we must then compel them in some way to do so. This applies chiefly to the business-manufacturing community which is now half-heartedly embarked on a pious campaign (at least the smarter elements in it) to prove that this or that company doesn't contaminate a thing, or, if it has in the past, it has energetically spent millions in recent months to save the brown pelicans in Louisiana or restock purified salmon rivers. But while well-meaning gestures, puffed on by expensive advertising, may point the way, they must remain gestures, and so far at least all the might and prowess of technology are of little avail. We've taken all kinds of technological magic for granted but there has been no magic woven so far that can produce devices to purify the world we live in.

Picket the Country Clubs!

The pressure on industry cannot at this stage come effectively from the public, if only because reduction of pollution is expensive and shareholders, who in this case can more or less be accepted as the articulate public, would hardly countenance a sacrifice in dividend revenue which, they would be told, would be the immediate result of added expenditures to re-equip plants. There will certainly be no concerted action on the part of industry itself, its statesmen and spokesmen, for these men, generally beyond the age where the future seems to threaten them, have perfect safety through high salaries and stock options. Who cares what happens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the ghettos of the cities or of the countryside if one spends every night and all weekends (except for Caribbean junkets) in Locust Valley or Greenwich? Who cares about the—only slightly poorer—executives sweating or freezing on the Long Island or New Haven Railroads if one has a chauffeur-driven Cadillac at one's beck and call? The company-sponsored chauffeurs and their cars provide, in effect, the right environmental solution, which is escape, although even Greenwich is now being showered with polluted air from nearby industrial centers. The truth is that the comfort of what society considers to be, or allows to be, important people must be interfered with before notice will be taken of disagreeable facts. Instead of demonstrating on Fifth Avenue on behalf of baby seals, the saviors of the environment would get far better results picketing the country clubs of Nassau, Fairfield and Morris counties, if that's where the country clubs still are.

Washington and the general public have this formidable obstacle to overcome. Already the business newsletters are hissing that individual industries will abandon plants which cost, so they say, too much to convert to meet the antipollution standards. This transparent counterattack is naturally aimed at the vulnerable budgets of cities and especially of smaller, one-industry towns. The weapon is powerful. To say to a mayor facing re-election that new city ordinances proposed by environment groups, or just by plain citizens' committees worried about general health, are "nut laws" is to win the battle before the first puff of smoke. The threat by a company which is important to a community to relocate elsewhere, and therefore the threat of employment and tax revenue loss, is simply irresistible to any municipal authority.

What about Washington?

Which brings us back to Washington. Even with the best will—and money—in the world, it is hard for Washington to exert direct meaningful pressure. President Nixon's message to Congress in February on the environment is well styled and no one could quarrel with it. The same can be said of the Ash Report (April 15) which considers an environment Cabinet post and various other solutions. But these pronouncements are expressions more of hope than of command, and any lawyer can notice that the penalties foreseen for continuing environmental destruction are not ones that can be very readily applied. Court action, as we have seen in that most striking example of local resistance, school desegregation, is not effective. Nobody could imagine a sheriff arresting someone for throwing a beer can into a pond.

Nixon however did put his finger on one of the basic difficulties in all attempts to improve the environment or to regulate it at least—the fragmentation of governmental jurisdictions. Within roughly a fifty-mile radius of Manhattan (since one has to be local at some point) there are something like 775 different municipal jurisdictions, and this is the region now under consideration as the metropolitan area of the year 2000. Anyone who has spent five minutes examining the workings of state and local governments knows that no issues arouse such antagonism and jealousy as the circumscription and administration of local boundaries, whether school districts, tax assessments, zoning, garbage collection and the rest. Is it possible that 775 sets of mayors, aldermen, city councilors, school supervisors, tax collectors and PTA presidents can be brought to agree on what a new region needs and how it should be achieved? Supposing that the New York metropolitan region is an extreme example, can even three or four local governments anywhere be led easily to an accord on sewage disposal?

Who'll Abdicate?

The boundary of New Hampshire lies along the western bank of the Connecticut River, a waterway so polluted that it nauseates people who canoe down it. Vermont has been contesting this division for decades, if not centuries, arguing that the state boundary ought to run down the middle of the river. Can one imagine a speedy and cordial agreement for the decontamination of the Connecticut River in such circumstances? No doubt the main source of the Connecticut's pollution comes from the towns situated on it in Massachusetts and Connecticut itself, but the point is a fair one. A final and most monumental example of the problem is Lake Erie, the "Dead Sea" of Middle America, its waters so poisoned that no food-chain life really remains. Four states and the Province of Ontario border on it. Even if Washington and Ottawa made unlimited money available through an international treaty, or arrived at any agreement at all, how long would it take to create an effective agency which could give determining orders to waste-making industries or to Great Lakes shipping? It would, furthermore, be a job that would have to

"It's great to split from city pollution and congestion and reconnect with the Environment."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be carried on for decades. The St. Lawrence Seaway created financial incentives of a common and compelling interest which could be seen in advance to yield rich awards and has presumably produced them in recent years. Lake Erie died simply because there wasn't enough money to be made in keeping it alive. One can easily imagine a congressman or a mayor saying that was all the more reason to forget it.

There is a serious constitutional problem involved. The kind of authority that is needed inevitably demands the resignation of some, perhaps not too many, of the local powers which have always been so cherished as a part of the American system and the American heritage. Regionalism has successfully established itself here and there in our country, but it has been the exception, and it has survived only in the face of the bitterest and most constant attacks. Regional authorities are the faceless enemy in the taxpayer's (and toll-payer's) mind. They are so invoked by political candidates, and here again we can point to the example of school desegregation as a textbook of the ability of local authority to resist national or regional law. Even if municipalities bow to a regional need, state legislatures are unlikely to surrender any of their powers. The fact that federal money is in large part distributed by local authorities and that such expenditures are administered by them is a precious power indeed. Few of those sitting under the white marble domes in state capitols across the land are interested in modernizing their own governments. As long as three years ago, the Committee for Economic Development gently proclaimed in a report that "few states have done anything to rationalize the local governments" servicing metropolitan complexes. And cities, obviously, are the centers where any start to improve the environment has to begin.

The Stalled Movement

Here, then, are some of the broad problems facing all those to whom the environment or, to use a fashionable phrase, the Quality of Life, represents a daily preoccupation. The preoccupation and its causes will not go away. As they become the property of more and more people, they will be increasingly hard to deal with. The environment movement itself, which must include everything from garden clubs to the baby seals demonstrators, is too diverse and too full of internal conflict, to be a truly effective lobby, no matter how much certain individual organizations have accomplished. There are, besides, some disconcerting facts to be dealt with. In the underdeveloped countries, DDT, the principal bête noire of the environmentalists, if you had to name one, is considered essential to the survival of literally millions of people, and its production and distribution are wholeheartedly supported by organizations like WHO and FAO, which should know. It's estimated that insects gobble up to 30 per cent of all crops grown in India every year. And the American Farm Lobby has yet to be heard loudly from. DDT is blamed for immense damage all over the globe and, locally, for the disappearance of bluebirds. Since it is a durable chemical substance, it is a permanent factor in our lives, and we are talking in terms of decades, not years.

So we face the question of what is a pest in terms of our lives. Were the renowned seagulls from the Great Salt Lake upsetting the balance of nature when they devoured the crickets that attacked Brigham Young's first harvest? The distinguished naturalist Marston Bates has posed the question whether this so-called balance, with all the damage man has done to it, is not precarious and resilient, again precariously, to man's trifling with it, or whether, since man is a creature of nature as much as any other animal, there has never really been such a balance, and that natural life is simply tottering from one landing place to another like a person fleeing across a swamp. We live still under the spell of Darwin but his world was at the same time both hostile and pristine. Perhaps the Galapagos should be reassessed.

Finally, there is the question that goes beyond environment, or, rather, the attempt to ransom it. For whom is it to be preserved or ransomed, and here we must return to the context of the industrialized nations. Roughly put, there is a conflict—not yet resolved, not yet even frankly stated—between the interests of conservation and the interests of recreation. In other words, what is the nature of environmental enjoyment, and what should it be? Recreation is the popular justification of the expenditure of tax money. Rivers and dunes and mountain valleys must be "saved" for the purpose of creating or maintaining attractive campsites or places for Boy Scouts to hike aimlessly about. Power boats chugging across man-made lakes; fishermen on the bank yanking trout out of water into which hatchery hands have dumped them the day before; barbecues and automobiles oozing out smog over the canyons—that is recreation, and mass pleasure, and from it the conservationist turns in horror.

The Impossible Dream

What the conservationist wants is wilderness in its true sense. He believes that man—i.e., himself—has a need in his soul for the purity which he once found in religion and now seeks in an unblemished natural world. And he seeks it with all the guilt of a puritan wanting to redeem two centuries' greedy destruction of the gift God gave him. The old conservationist impulse of Teddy Roosevelt, who basically wanted to throttle wild beasts in order to prove his political invincibility, has vanished. The true conservationist of today envisions his purity in terms of keeping out intrusive bodies by which he means primarily man, and if not man, more intensely, woman and child. For while a solitary woodsman or bird-watcher might be admitted to his demesne, surely never the awful tatters of family life with its picnics and its screams. The conservationist is basically what used to be called the nature lover. He is passionate about his possessions. He is like the museum curator whose treasures are collected in the name of a public which is fundamentally unworthy because it can never truly appreciate what there is to be loved. And so when the closing bell sounds he dances joyfully through his empty galleries shrieking: "It's mine, all mine!"

This is exaggerating. But the conflict has to be recognized. Indeed it runs unacknowledged throughout the whole blind effort to save what we think ought to be saved. Money and government protection have to be allied to popular enjoyment. Science, poetry, elitism—whatever you want to call it—are inevitably bound to support what is set aside for the favor of the few, for like art in an earlier age the possession of knowledge depends on the appreciation of the elect.

The major question probably is: What does the Mafia think or care about the environment? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STUDENTS

The End of the Multiversity

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

BUFFALO IS a bleary grey place, one of those Northern industrial cities, decaying slowly since the nineteenth century. In December it suffers from the cold of a Canadian winter; in June it swelters in the humidity of a Midwestern summer. But Buffalo is also New York State's second largest city, and in 1962 its previously private university was taken over by the State University of New York, to be developed as one of SUNY's major campuses. University officials have been regretting the choice ever since.

With the possible exception of Cornell, no university east of the Mississippi has been so racked by turmoil. During the past academic year there was a riot a week, complete with arson, firebombings and, on at least one occasion, sniper fire. The grand finale came on March 15, when 45 faculty members marched to the administration building, Hayes Hall, and sat-in in the office of President Martin Meyerson to demand the removal of four hundred Buffalo policemen from the campus. Edward Doty, Vice President for Operations and Systems, tried to persuade the professors to leave the building. When they refused, Doty called Peter Regan, Acting President, who told him to clear them out. Doty tried once again to persuade them to leave. When they again refused he called in the police.

As one report issued after the arrests points out, not since the Spanish-American War, when a bunch of Harvard professors were run in for protesting American involvement, has there been such a mass arrest of faculty. And the Buffalo authorities are not disposed to be lenient. Each professor is charged on two counts of contempt and one of trespass. If found guilty on all counts, they can expect to spend a year and a half in jail. A couple of years ago no one would have taken the possibility of such stringent sentences seriously. But the Buffalo courts are dead serious. The county prosecutor has announced that he'll go "all the way," and the 45 professors find little consolation in the recent conviction of Buffalo's Leslie Fiedler, who was given the maximum sentence—six months—for allowing pot-smoking in his house. The natives, in short, are not friendly.

I visited the Buffalo campus in May to find out what had happened and why. And what I found was utter chaos. "Our students are full of distrust, our faculty in disarray and our administration leaders inaccessible," reads a report issued by faculty. "These conditions are making it extremely difficult to start talking with each other." True enough, although after my visit I'd be inclined to say that the problem isn't so much that people aren't talking; they're talking up a storm. The problem is that no one's listening.

Cui Bono?

A couple of examples: It's late at night and we're sitting in the back room of a Buffalo beer joint, talking to the leader of Buffalo's SDS, a bunch of militants and a liberal faculty member. The talk is basic—revolution, the rationale for violence, bombs, how conservatives will be shot by New Leftists when the crunch comes, how liberal faculty will be put against the wall even sooner. The liberal faculty member touches my arm and smiles at everyone in general. "See," he tells me in tolerant tones, "we can communicate with the kids, can't we?"

Another conversation with the SDS leader and his friends, this time in the Student Union building, one of those modular sealed-window, contemporary collegiate, controlled-air buildings, in which there's never quite enough air to breathe. "We don't really care who runs the university," says the SDSer. "Universities are our bases now." "Universities should be vortices in which intelligent people may disagree with neither contumely nor violence, in an atmosphere of courtesy, mutual respect and collegiality," says the professor. "Thank God for liberal professors," mutters one militant, grinning into his beer.

"My objection to disruption is essentially the same as my objection to racial prejudice," says the professor. "It's all just bad manners." A lovely, fragile seventeen-year-old coed with china eyes sits down and tells the professor: "It's my country, but I hate it now. Just look at what they did to Professor Fiedler. I really learned from him." The coed leaves. "See?" smiles the professor. "You can *talk* to these kids." The SDS leader sips his beer. "We'll have her within a week," he says. The SDSer gets up, shakes my hand, and tells me that he's going to hate to shoot me, come the crunch. The professor smiles.

Administrators at Buffalo seem equally out of touch. Within a year, the Chancellor, Vice Chancellor, President, Acting President, Acting Executive Vice President have all resigned. At present the University is run by Acting President Peter Regan, an MD and psychiatrist, and a group of Acting Vice Presidents, only one of whom seems not to be actively campaigning for the presidency. I visited several of these men, including Acting President Regan, and each visit reminded me of an article about Buffalo which appeared in *Harper's* two years ago. The piece, called "Life in the Yellow Submarine," by Barbara Probst Solomon, describes a year spent there as a writer-in-residence. Mrs. Solomon relates an interview with a vice president, during which she attempts to find out how many students are on campus (he didn't know. And I asked the same question, just for the hell of it, and got answers ranging from 22,000 to 30,000). "As I was leaving," says Mrs. Solomon, "the vice president began questioning me about, well, what exactly seemed to be going on around the place."

Paranoia, diagnoses Mrs. Solomon. And it hasn't changed. If anything, it's much more acute two years later. Each administrator, although I'd been on campus less than 48 hours, feels me out about what the administrators I'd just visited have to say about him. And one vice president is unhinged enough to tell me after three minutes of conversation that he believes the Acting President is crazy. But the final visit is the clincher.

This vice president slumps on a couch, visibly exhausted, and confesses that he's lost a few of those ideals he brought with him to academe. The phone rings. It's his secretary. She's just left the office, but as she leaves she looks back and sees the professor who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waits for me in the outer office looking at some correspondence on her desk. The vice president bursts through the door and asks, his voice just below a shout: "By God! Were you going through our papers?" An embarrassing scene follows, the vice president relentless in his questioning, leaving the professor no graceful exit; the professor's attempt at ironic academic wit slowly giving way to anger. Finally, I separate them, shoving the professor out the door and shoving the vice president back into his office. Not quite the atmosphere Cardinal Newman envisioned.

Paranoia is rife at Buffalo. Administrators suspect both their colleagues ("What *did* he say about me? Chuckle-chuckle") and the faculty of conspiring against them. And *every* student, of course, is a potential bomb-thrower. Faculty suspect the administrators of conspiring to repeal the Bill of Rights. And they *know* that wild-eyed right-wingers lurk about the campus, ready to attack on one of those humid Buffalo nights, when the ice cubes melt in your highball without chilling the drink. And both groups believe the state government is plotting to reduce their rather splendid salaries. (And it's indicative of the depth of the paranoia that at Buffalo they think of Nelson Rockefeller as a right-wing extremist.) Students believe the faculty has sold them out and that the administration plots with the Defense Department and the Military-Industrial Complex to oppress nice little black and brown and red and yellow people everywhere. And in the meantime no one learns anything, for in such an atmosphere education is impossible. And no one benefits, except for the Buffalo New Left, apparently the only sane and sensible people on the campus.

The Plan

Why the paranoia? An impossible question, of course, the situation being one in which every single strand of our current social malaise appears. But there are one or two obvious answers. The academics at Buffalo see their situation as unique, mainly because of the mass arrests. But the campus' problems go much deeper, and have been building all through the Sixties. These problems are essentially those which afflict every multiversity: bigness, overcentralization and purposelessness. The handwriting has been there for some time now, ever since Clark Kerr first described the multiversity as a huge machine, the least function of which was to educate students, and was answered shortly thereafter by a student at Berkeley named Mario Savio who called on students to stop the machine. Which they have done.

But at the end of the Fifties, during the last great flowering of social scientism, no one was listening. The California multiversity system became *the* pattern, and no state was more diligent in emulating it than New York. A master plan was drawn up, calling for four university centers, two medical centers, ten colleges of arts and sciences, at least seven specialized colleges, six two-year technical colleges, thirty community colleges. All of this would be inhabited by a student population of 300,000, and the whole thing would be run by one man. The state government, still optimistic about things in general in those days, threw the money in like confetti. "Filthy rich," writes Mrs. Solomon, "it [SUNY] is buying up scholars and, along with them, super-salesmen who have no idea what they are selling or why. . . ."

Precisely. Those faculty stars—Leslie Fiedler, John Barth, Robert Creely—have traded their talents for stunningly short work weeks—an average of six hours—and fat salaries. Even assistant professors at Buffalo clear better than $12,000 for a nine-month year. For the fact is that high salaries and small work loads leave the majority of multiversity professors with little to do. Paranoia, points out Mrs. Solomon, requires plenty of leisure to develop fully. In the multiversity, there's ample leisure.

Then put the whole complex into the care of an educational huckster like Samuel Gould, a super-salesman who couldn't sell used cars, and wait for the explosion. Gould (who served as Chancellor of SUNY until Buffalo) typifies the worst aspects of contemporary educationism. He failed as an administrator at Antioch, failed at Santa Barbara, and then during a brief interlude almost helped some others run New York's educational TV station, WNDT, into the ground. His one scholarly publication is a radio-station training manual called "Training the Local Announcer." Rather unimpressive credentials for the head of a monster like SUNY. But he talks the right way: "The university should be less structured and far more flexible," its goal is to expound "the principles and the philosophy underlying a body of knowledge rather than the knowledge itself."

Sounds fine, of course, but anyone who's ever attended educators' conferences knows that it's just dishwater, the same old rhetoric they've been using since the Thirties, the accepted jargon of the educational huckster. And just how deeply the principles went was dramatically illustrated when the Buffalo troubles broke out: Gould and most of the men he brought with him resigned and left the whole complicated monstrosity of SUNY leaderless. And it remains so.

'Strange . . . but . . .'

The Buffalo crunch, just like the crunches on the Coast, has, if nothing else, succeeded in revealing the hucksters for what they are. But there is another lesson to be learned: In times of stress, the multiversity simply isn't workable. It's bad enough to be functionless, as the Buffalo faculty has become, but it's even worse to be part of a huge purposeless system as well.

At Buffalo, those concerned with the well-being of their campus found that there was literally no one to talk to about campus problems when the crunch came. The hucksters had bugged out. And at nearly every large university which has experienced prolonged disruption, a similar situation prevails. Presidents and chancellors pass the buck to trustees and regents, who in turn pass the buck to governors and politicians. There are no really clear lines of authority which prove viable when crisis hits. And suffering through it all are the students, who much too often must turn to the SDS, which seems at a campus like Buffalo to provide the only effective leadership.

As disruptions continue and increase in 1970, it is not lost on most critics that the worst and most protracted violence and disruption has occurred either in those multiversity chains—California, Wisconsin, New York—or at those huge universities such as Columbia which are simply too big to be governed by the traditionally tightly centralized academic hierarchy. And conversely, critics have also noted that the smaller places with coherent, consistent programs—Dartmouth, Grinnell, even Antioch—have managed either to avoid major upheavals or to handle disruptions efficiently when they occur.

(Continues on page 583)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STUDENTS

We/They: The New Campus Dialogue

BERNARD F. DICK

IT SEEMS only a short time ago that college students were exploring the *thou* of each other. True, some of them went about their quest in unorthodox ways like voyeurism or multiple love-making, but to most collegians confrontation was not necessarily cohabitation, and a meaningful dialogue was an exchange of ideas in the cafeteria over half-spilled cups of coffee. Then the sociologists, who are always inventing new phrases to keep the mother tongue oscillating with vitality, plunged us into the "generation gap." Unfortunately the spirit of the "I-thou" which was supposed to hyphenate all of us (black-white, Christian-Jew, liberal-conservative) could not quite straddle the abyss. So the pronouns changed, the slash replaced the hyphen, and with all due respect to the Aquarians, this is really the dawning of the Age of the Self, the era of the "we/they."

The phrase may be less aesthetic than "I-thou" but it is more adaptable, for it can reflect the point of view of either the individual or the Establishment. The students who inscribed WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW! on the walls of the London School of Economics made it quite clear that by "we" they did not mean the ineffably human "we of me" that Frankie Addams spoke of in *The Member of the Wedding*. Rather it was the self-assertive, chest-pounding, tribal "we"—true gut instead of true grit. Likewise the father whose son has just called him a "pig" for disclaiming all responsibility for the genocide of the Indians will confide to a crony: "*We* messed up the world, so maybe *they* can do something better with it." And it is significant that Marya Mannes calls her anti-youth novel *They* as if *we* would all understand.

Culturally, the we/they polarity can be seen in a play like *Hair* or a film like *The Graduate* where the conflict of generations has been so oversimplified that only a superficially educated audience would find it profound. At the end of *Hair* the cast begs us to "let the sun shine in," and suddenly everyone's heart is either transparent or opaque; the audience is divided into those who are willing to make or at least accept the *Hair* scene (nose-thumbing at authority, exhibition of private parts in public places, nudity as a symbol of innocence and vulnerability, obscenity as the only truth) and those who reject it for the warmth of their middle-class illusions.

There are no alternatives in the we/they ideology, no middle ground, no mean. Even age is unimportant, for there are many conservative students who are as repelled by the groin-scratching in *Hair* as they are by the tactics of campus militants; and there are also college professors who wish the sexual revolution had started twenty years earlier and who have found that a sit-in with their class is the best way to relive the old fraternity bull sessions. Somehow one is either a swinger or a square, a "we" or a "they"—a peculiarly medieval disjunction for an age of such sophistication as ours.

Some of our more naïve educators have found it incredible that a similar factionalization should exist on campus. Yet the arts have already been radicalized by a vague Marxism that equates amateur with professional, the Catholic Church has abandoned an ancient liturgy for one of "Clap hands, here comes God," and belief is in such a state of flux that last year's heresy may be this year's dogma. A revolutionized university should be next.

However, campus polarization is a more subtle phenomenon than the divided audience at *Hair*. In one sense, the we/they dichotomy is inherent in the very nature of the university and is little more than the academic equivalent of the old Broadway philosophy, "If they could do it better, they'd be on stage and we'd be in the audience." But when this dichotomy is turned into an antithesis and the necessary inequality of student and teacher becomes the angry opposition of the uneducated to the educated, true learning is impossible. The student-professor relationship constitutes an extremely delicate balance, and the equilibrium is maintained only as long as the student believes in the competence of the faculty and the good faith of the administration.

It is also a balance that can be upset by the slightest act of irrationality. When police are brought on campus to crush an SDS-inspired riot, students and faculty members who were originally opposed to takeover suddenly become sympathetic. They will demand that reason prevail, for where can reason exist if not in academe? Yet the new sympathizers would feel insulted if one suggested that there is nothing more irrational than endorsing a cause when one's only knowledge of it comes from a litany of unintelligible demands which some student is reciting through a bull horn.

Ironically, the polarized campus is a perfect illustration of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, one of the few books students and teachers have in common. However, the novel implies that there is no solution to the problem of evil; society will always be divided among the civilized and the barbaric, the educated and the ignorant, the intellectuals and the masses, and it is human nature that is responsible for the line of demarcation. But the students who accept this thesis in the classroom cannot tolerate it outside, and the teachers who satirized Utopianism discover that the mere sight of a student with a bloody head can fill them with hatred for the president of their embattled college. Yet will the same teachers burn with rage when they see an SDS contingent publicly humiliate one of their colleagues by beating him in the face with a club? Hypocrisy, irrationality, or just another instance of our moral schizophrenia?

TO UNDERSTAND the college student one must accept all the paradoxes of youth. The student is really a mythical figure made up of layers of half-truths, impressions and snap judgments of newsmen who accuse him of lacking a sense of humor, guidance counselors who attribute his humorless nature to the threat of nuclear warfare, sociolo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gists who claim that his fear of annihilation has made the present the only reality, and psychologists who maintain that his preoccupation with the present has made him contemptuous of traditional institutions. *QED.*

But strip away the layers of myth and there is a core of contradictions. High-school principals claim that our young people are the best educated in history, yet college English teachers are alarmed by their illiteracy and have despaired of teaching freshman composition. The campus rebels are the superior students and from their ranks are to come the future Edmund Wilsons and Ernest Hemingways, yet most of them do not read much and prefer the film to the novel. The statement of James Kunen, the erratically talented twenty-year-old author of *The Strawberry Statement*, is quite revealing: "No, I don't read. I don't have the patience. It's just easier to go to a movie and let it all wash over you." Such passivity from the (so-called) active generation! The student lives in "the now," yet he is so immersed in the celluloid past (V for Victory sign, storm-trooper tactics, dialogue quoted verbatim from Bogart films, Indian dress and cowboy outfits) that his lifestyle is almost a parody of a Forties film. His battle cry is "Who cares?" but he criticizes his elders for not caring. And so it goes.

How mature is the college student? He is not so much mature as he is prematurely aged, thanks to television where the same staccato voice that delivers casualty reports extols the joys of a spray deodorant. But while television has made the immediate the only abiding reality, it is only partially responsible for the aging process. The groundwork is done in the school.

There is no doubt that more people are going into teaching to proselytize than to instruct. In what other profession can one find a captive audience waiting to be initiated into the mysteries of collective guilt? A fifth-grade teacher who was criticized for using the arithmetic period to discuss morality replied in defense, "I don't want them to get hung up on masturbation the way I was." Actually it is much easier to discuss masturbation (first one should define the term) than to explain fractions, but one dare not tell a budding teacher that he is a victim of his own copout.

Recently an eighth-grade teacher, believing his class was "more hip than usual," introduced his students to the linguistic (and other) pleasures of Joyce's *Ulysses*, although most of them were still in the process of acquiring a basic vocabulary. The same class was also to perform *Brecht on Brecht*, except that the students found it too difficult to speak lines they did not understand. Then there were the emancipated nuns from Staten Island who dispelled the existence of angels for their kiddies, as if Christianity were intended to be mythless.

High schools have become lilliputian colleges with their departmental chairmen and "Chinese Menu" curriculum: *Choose two courses from Group A, one from Group B and note that Urbanization and The Urban Experience are not identical.* The glamorous relevant programs one hears about are either of the pseudo-college type (Introduction to Psychology, Humanities) designed to keep the high-school teacher from feeling inferior to the university professor, or of the purely utilitarian variety like Consumer Buying, a course whose sole purpose is "to keep the kids from getting gypped." In each case the high school is operating from a sick maternalism that we decry in possessive mothers but tolerate in institutions acting in loco parentis. Written expression was originally the province of the English teacher, but with a new generation of teachers who cannot distinguish a paragraph from a periodic sentence, and who are suspicious of those who can, the English class becomes a forum for meaningful discussions of Sartre, Camus or whatever paperback the instructor is reading for his graduate class.

Unless a student has acquired some respect for traditional values before arriving in college, he will take his cue from the Song of the Self that everyone is singing full-voice these days and demand a role in the restructuring of the university. Nor does the fact that the student comes from a prep school mean that he will not become a campus rebel: Four years with a pedantic Mr. Chips can produce as much contempt for learning as the same amount of time spent with a Miss Jean Brodie. The we/they polarity intensifies when a student going through his antitradition phase locks horns with a professor whose "heyday in the blood" has

(Continues on page 581)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTISEMITISM IN RUSSIA

Caught in the Crossfire

ROMAN BRACKMAN

ROSENBERG, why did you lie on all your application forms that you did not have relatives abroad? We know you have a sister in Israel," says the KGB interrogator. "I was not lying, Citizen Interrogator," replies the accused Jew. "It is I, not she, who is abroad."

Any Jewish name would do; MGB, NKVD, GPU or Cheka could be substituted for KGB . . . but this old joke never fails to produce laughter. Like all similar Jewish anecdotes in Russia, it reflects the growing sense of alienation which pervades the Jewish community there. Traditionally, wistful humor has been the most effective way of communication among oppressed peoples, and of preserving sanity in the deadening atmosphere of a totalitarian state.

During recent years, the position of Jews in Russia has deteriorated far beyond the joking stage. Thousands of them have reached the point of desperation. In spite of almost certain rejection, expulsion from their jobs, exile, accusations of treason in the so-called "comradely courts," and even imprisonment in labor camps—they are applying en masse for exit visas. Why do they brave all these gloomy prospects, and still dream of living in the beleaguered state of Israel amidst bloody conflict? The explanation lies in the complex and tragic events of the preceding decades, and in the ominous recent developments involving Russia's internal life and foreign policy.

Despite the widely advertised de-Stalinization of the Soviet system, the legacy of Stalin has left a deep and lasting mark on Russia. It was Stalin, the son of a Georgian peasant, who had revived and instigated the Great Russian nationalism and chauvinism. His original motivation had been pragmatic. Faced with the decline of Communist ideological commitment within the Party and in the country at large, Stalin decided to fill the resultant ideological vacuum with Russian nationalism as the *raison d'être* of his regime. Russia's war experience proved his calculations. Indeed, the Russian soldiers had defended Mother Russia, not the Communist state. Yet this fanning of the flames of Russian nationalism produced, by way of reaction, a nationalist upsurge among numerous ethnic groups in the Soviet multinational state, leading Stalin logically to the policy of suppression of all nationalistic manifestations other than Russian. Numerous Moslem people were uprooted and deported to Siberia and Central Asia. Ukrainians, Baltic people, even his native Georgians were persecuted and exiled in great numbers. The Jews were singled out for brutal persecution, which during the last year of his life took the form of an impending holocaust. The "Doctor's Plot," a stage-setting scheme for mass exile of Jews to Siberia, was prevented from being carried out only by Stalin's death. As a rehearsal and harbinger, Stalin ordered a mass exile of Jews from Davidkovo, a suburb of Moscow, on the night of November 31, 1949. Shortly before he died, he ordered all the imprisoned Jewish cultural leaders shot. A terrible foreboding seized the more than three million members of the Russian Jewish community. The Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, in October 1952—the last Congress attended by Stalin—canonized this policy of persecution. Stalin's henchman, Bagirov, pointed to the "criminal relapses of non-Russian nationalism," and made an appeal to "fight against the relics of the native nationalism, which is diminishing the stature of the Great Brother—the Glorious Russian Brother."

This of course did not stop the rise of nationalist aspirations among multiple ethnic groups in Russia—it had the opposite effect: it galvanized them. The death of Stalin did not reverse this process: His successors continued his policy, although admittedly without resorting to his pathological excesses. Nationalism has proved to be the most enduring and powerful force of all the other "isms," and today it presents the most dangerous challenge to the men of the Kremlin. The once monolithic Communist empire has revealed cracks in Europe, especially Rumania, Poland, Hungary and, recently, Czechoslovakia —and has even crumbled along its Yugoslavian and Chinese borders. The same powerful forces are operating within the Soviet Union, and tension is mounting between different ethnic groups.

Where does all this leave the Russian Jews? They not only feel uncomfortable on the fast-moving nationalist bandwagon, but actually have been pushed off it. The re-emergent "Mother Russia" is proving more hostile to her Jewish stepchildren than the old one ever was. The intolerance and xenophobia deeply rooted in Russian history were only magnified by the pervading sense of insecurity stemming from the drawn-out cold war. They are now augmented by the Chinese threat and the disintegrating effect of rising nationalism in satellite countries and among non-Russian peoples in the Soviet Union. "Will the Soviet Union survive until 1984?" asked a Soviet author in an underground magazine secretly published in Russia and, recently, in the West. Happenings within the Soviet bloc render such a question not entirely academic.

Soviet Hostility . . .

The Jews find themselves suspected, despised pariahs and outcasts in an increasingly paranoiac society. They live in a totalitarian state where hatred of the Free World—most especially America and Israel—is a must; yet they do not feel enmity toward those countries. Quite the contrary. After all, most of their brethren live in Israel and America, today. Their strong familial, historic, spiritual and cultural ties with these countries only heighten the atmosphere of suspicion in which they are suffocating: breathing in the intoxicating fumes of Russian and local nationalism, all the while experiencing rejection. As their alienation from Russian society grows, so does their need for a new allegiance. They seek their own nationalist ideal through which their injured pride might be redeemed. The "cosmopolitans," the "passportless wanderers"—as they were called in the Soviet press by Stalin's propagandists and as they are referred to today, in private—see in Israel redemption of their national pride, the chance for self-fulfillment, the answer to their yearning for allegiance, all of which is denied them in Russia. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet hatemongering campaign against Israel, no longer limited to attacks in the press, is also taking the form of organized public meetings and street demonstrations. It collides with overwhelming pro-Israeli sentiment on the part of the Russian Jews.

This alone has serious implications for the safety of the Russian Jews in a conformist and oppressive society. But their safety is threatened also by the hostile attitudes of non-Russian groups, among whom a considerable number of Jews live. Not yet being in the position to challenge the Big Russian Brother directly, the local nationalist movements choose the dispersed and helpless Jewish minority as a symbol against which to vent their frustrations. Recently published letters from Russia tell of bloody pogroms in Polonga (Lithuania) and other places, as well as "no less than twenty pogroms in Ukrainia with an especially large number of victims in Shachty, Gorlovka and other towns." Soviet leaders find the instigation of antisemitism a convenient and helpful device to channel local nationalist pressure in the direction of the Jews—thus delaying confrontation with Russian nationalism. The Jews find themselves caught in the nationalistic crossfire, being forced to play their traditional role of scapegoat, for both sides.

There is no way of escaping this predicament, for the Jews do not have their own territory within Russia, as do other ethnic groups. While the nationalist and separatist yearnings of other nationalities in Russia conceivably might be realized some day, Jews must look for redemption of their nationalist ideal outside the Soviet borders—and they look toward Israel. Yet, they are not allowed to leave Russia. "The situation is paradoxical," states a recently published letter from Russia. "Here we are not wanted. We are oppressed in many ways, forcibly assimilated, publicly offended in the press—yet we are forcibly detained. As in the well-known proverb: 'They beat but don't allow crying.' "

In September 1968, Soviet authorities suddenly began to accept exit applications to Israel. An instant upsurge of hope seized the Jewish community. Mass applications for visas began—but the joy was premature. Under a mysterious quota system, only a few were allowed to leave. But this was better than none at all. In happy disbelief, Israelis whispered the number of arrivals, and barred from the press any mention of the amazing phenomenon, afraid to annoy the Russian Bear. In Russia the Jews were not afraid to apply for exit visas—an unheard-of, daring step just a few years before. On arrival in Israel they were told to keep quiet! The logic of such discretion lay in the fact the Russians do not want their Arab friends to know of the Jewish emigration from Russia. This sounds a bit naïve. Arab intelligence keeps track of movements to Israel from any European airport through which the Jews have to pass. Why, then, do the Arabs keep quiet about the Russian Jews, and make a scandal about a couple of dozen American boys in the Israeli army?

Under scrutiny, the reason behind this strange phenomenon becomes clear. What is more—it has an ominous ring. Playing on the well-known Israeli longing for the Russian "Aliya" (emigration), the Russians have decided to use their Jewish hostages for the extortion of a ransom in the form of political and territorial concessions, which they promised but failed to deliver to their Arab clients after the 1967 debacle. To induce Israel to make those concessions, they decided to start sending small installments of Russian Jews to Israel. It was hardly an original idea: Thirty years before, Hitler had toyed with it before deciding on a "final solution." At that time, ransom was visualized by Hitler in economic rather than political terms. But times and needs change.

The Russians had to consult Nasser, and to obtain his cooperation, on this matter. "You want to annihilate Israel," they reasoned with him. "It would be easier to do if we induced Israel to retreat to the pre-1967 borders. A few thousand more Jews would make no difference." Nasser could not disagree. For the Soviets, it was a new scheme. In 1948, when Stalin was supporting Israel in the hope of turning it into a Soviet satellite, his ambassador in Tel Aviv, Ershov, and the Soviet emissaries Muchin and Fedorin, hinted at a similar deal: "Emigration of Jews from Russia is not a problem. It could be settled. It all depends on the future policy of Israel—with or against us. There is no middle way."

. . . *And Israeli Welcome*

Now, as then, Israeli leaders are facing an agonizing choice between meeting Soviet demands and abandoning the Russian Jews to their fate. Until recently, Israeli leaders were trying to avoid making this choice, by retaining territory they consider vital to their security in the absence of a contractual peace, and by continuing to receive as many inducement-installments of Russian Jews as possible. But the Soviets began losing patience and halted the inducement game by refusing exit visas to the thousands of Russian and Georgian Jews who applied, and who now face an uncertain future: They could be thrown out of work, exiled, or even imprisoned.

(Continues on page 583)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There are all kinds of demagogues."
—Huey P. Long

LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM

Here Comes that MAN Again!

VICTOR GOLD

IN THE AGING DEMAGOGUE, unlike the aging prizefighter, the legs go last. First goes the timing, then the punch, finally the agility. But as long as the legs hold up they keep running.

To have watched former Alabama Governor James Elisha (Big Jim) Folsom campaigning in this spring's Democratic gubernatorial primary was to see the wraith of a natural talent, the style still recognizable but the moves somehow off—an inch here, a shade there. Which is to say, like John V. Lindsay, in the prime, doing his world-famous impersonation of John F. Kennedy.

Big Jim ran this year, as he explained with the simple rustic candor that distinguishes his kind of demagoguery from that of a Lindsay or a Harold Stassen, *not* because he wanted to save the state or even the country, but because a man with his size family needs a mansion to live in. *Sic transit gloria politica*: from the pitiful few thousand votes Jim drew in the May 5 primary, he will have to make do with his Cullman residence.

Governors: Full-Time . . .

Now, with Folsom and four other minor candidates out of the running, the race has resolved into a contest (you were expecting, maybe, a *confrontation*?) between George Wallace, the debbil, and incumbent Governor Albert Brewer, the debbil's disciple, who succeeded to the governorship following Lurleen Wallace's death two years ago. History has passed Folsom's kind by, but whether it has passed by George Wallace remains to be seen. From ringside, at least, his timing, punch and agility are getting along just fine, and regardless of what "the big Eastern media" may be saying, Wallace's kind of folks down here seem to agree with the slogan that proclaims him "Our Kind of Man."

National party grand strategists in Washington, Democrat and Republican alike, are, of course, hoping for the worst, which, we are assured, will be best for the country. But from Red Mountain, looking North and reading a two-day-old *New York Times* account of John Lindsay "reacting to the mood of his audience" at the University of Pennsylvania, one wonders.

For make no mistake, whatever the outcome of this state's June 2 runoff, the major difference between Little George, of Alabama and points South, and Big Jawn, of Manhattan and points East, both possible candidates for President in '72, is that the latter is a demagogue who appeals to the callow instincts of a hate-filled constituency, while the former is simply, for his folks, telling it like it is.

At the outset of the campaign, Brewer's polls (taken, interestingly enough, by Oliver Quayle of LBJ-Democratic National Committee-NBC News reputation) indicated that Wallace, though a living legend in Alabama politics, was vulnerable to a charge that he viewed the governorship as a mere stepping stone to another national campaign. Quayle's advice to Brewer: Play the theme that you'll be a *full*-time chief executive, while Wallace, if elected, will spend most of his energies out-of-state. In the early going the theme seemed effective, for despite Wallace's large crowds Quayle's continuing survey showed Brewer with a sizable lead. While holding his own among Wallace's white rural constituency, the incumbent also could count on upwards of 200,000 Negro votes plus a large bloc of Republican crossovers who see in Brewer a once in a legend-time opportunity to remove the Southern third-party threat from the national scene. Further complicating Wallace's problem was the steady popularity of the Nixon Administration among Alabama voters, especially after the Senate rejection of G. Harrold Carswell. Even so, when the smoke had cleared away and the final votes were counted Brewer led, by just over five thousand votes.

Like most populist campaigners, however, Wallace runs his own continuing survey, round-the-clock, in the pit of his stomach and on the tips of his fingers. On the stump, he probes and arouses the Middle American/Alabamian viscera that Agnew merely stimulates. For Wallace's audiences, there are no "effete snobs" but rather "folks who sit around the country club drinkin' tea with their little finger stickin' out." Has academia, as the Vice President says, failed its responsibility to American youth? Sure, says Wallace, but what more could you expect from "double-domed professors who don't have enough common sense to park their bicycles straight?" In the closing days of this campaign, he is carrying the fight to Brewer, who is now on the defensive about support from what Wallace labels "out-of-state forces and in-state blocs."

. . . and Part-Time

For his part, Albert Brewer, his timing, punch and agility under the kind of challenge no Oliver Quayle, out of Bronxville, N.Y., could prepare against, is responding with his own Deep Southern variant of the New Modemagoguery, declaring that his opponent would "have us look to the past" instead of coming to grips with the problems of Youth, the Environment, Race, the Cities, _____, _____, _____, _____, etc. All of which a Brewer administration will do. It will Get this State Moving. Do for Alabama, that is, all that John V. Lindsay has done for New York City.

Irony of ironies, that the Reconstruction-spawned cultural gap which left the South two to three decades behind the rest of the country has been, after all is said, done, and undone, a mixed curse. The Alabamian going to the polls next week has only to look North, East and West, much like a person gazing into a time machine: Do we *really* want to catch up with Pittsburgh/Cleveland/Detroit? Do we *really* want to make the University of Alabama into the Harvard/Yale/Princeton of the South?

"I'll be your kind of governor for your kind of Alabama," Wallace promises. Then, turning to the "national politicians" he claims to have sensitized: "We've got them talking right. Now we want them to *act right*." A pause. *"When I'm gone, who's going to speak out for you?"* □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HAIRY TALE

Cannons to the Right and Left

NICHOLAS V. YERMAKOV

At a Freedom Rally at the Washington Monument during the Moratorium heyday, a group of entertainers sang a song recorded by Merle Haggard which put down the hippie type. "We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy; like the hippies down in San Francisco do," etc. I looked around at the participants in the rally and was rather disheartened. There were aging veterans in their old uniforms, businessmen in their raincoats and fedoras, young men with their hair greased straight back, all waving American flags and cheering. The thing that disturbed me was that they were not cheering for America, they were cheering the attack on anyone with long hair.

I attended the rally because I belong to YAF (the traditionalist faction), yet I wear my hair rather long, and at the time I had on a suede coat and blue jeans. When I moved closer to the rostrum to hear what Mendel Rivers was saying, I got looks of distaste, even hate.

I was being stereotyped and I didn't like it. Far too many people do that today. Harvey Hukari, the former president of the Stanford University chapter of YAF, wears his hair down to his shoulders. Phillip Abbott Luce wears his hair shaggy and at one time had a full beard to match. My hair barely passes my shirt collar and I automatically become a "filthy hippie." My point is that, although the length of hair and style of dress may have been indicative of political ideology in Oliver Cromwell's time, it is not so today.

It seems that everywhere I go, there are cannons to the right as well as to the left of me, a problem that I am sure many others share. It is a real test of conservative faith to have to suffer slurs from rednecks as well as from New Leftists.

My most macabre encounter was with a naval officer on a train between Washington and New York. I was walking down the aisle and there was an empty seat beside a large, rather formidable looking Navy captain. I asked him if he would mind if I sat next to him. He took a long look at my long brown hair, my pea coat, my leather bell-bottom pants and my brown suede boots and said, with obvious disdain, "Well, if you can put up with me, I can put up with you!"

It dawned on me that I had been taken for what fellow YAFers would call a "rad." I took in his physique, his combat decorations, his massive frame, and decided that it would be best not to antagonize him, so I buried my face in a magazine. Before I could read a word, he snarled at me, "And don't you try to get me involved in any of your peacenik conversational crap."

I said, very evenly, "As a matter of fact, sir, I think that you will find yourself in agreement with anything I may say." He laughed derisively. "Don't you believe it, buster." A few tense minutes went by, then I decided to crawl out on thin ice. "You know, sir, I used to wear a uniform." "What are you feedin' me? You used to wear a uniform! Where?" I mentioned the name of the military academy I attended, knowing that it would ring a bell. The captain knew the school superintendent personally. He was surprised. His surprise grew greater as he discovered that I was a member of YAF and that I was even contemplating a service career when I left college. Our conversation grew more amiable and we decided to continue it in the club car. I can imagine what the people on the train thought as they saw a Navy captain and what appeared to be a hippie engaged in friendly conversation. When we went our separate ways in New York, we parted friends. But only because the captain had broken through the stereotype.

In an article in the December 30 issue of *NR*, David Brudnoy chronicled a demonstration in Boston Common held by YAF members and sympathizers. Quoting Mr. Brudnoy:

"And the crowd contained its share of Yahoos shrieking inane slogans—'Hippies are all Commies,' 'Long Hair Equals Traitors.' Most in the audience were college kids, middle-aged couples, and old veterans, but some were hoody types probably motivated by their gut reaction against dissent."

I could cut my hair. I could try dressing more conservatively (if I could afford it), but what good would it do? I would not be cleaner, because I am not filthy now. I would not be neater, because I have always abhorred slovenliness. My thinking would certainly not change: I would still be a conservative.

No black man wants to walk around eating pancakes and fried chicken with watermelon for dessert all his life, just as not every policeman is an Irishman, and not every Southerner a bigot. If every youth with long hair and bell bottoms smokes pot and trips out on acid and advocates the overthrow of anything and everything, then surely every black man is a marvelous dancer and every Jew devours chicken soup in limitless quantity.

It takes guts to be a conservative student these days. YAF is the first real effort toward a counterattack at the New Left, but it has an uphill road to climb. The conservative student has only his fellow stalwarts, and even then, many are deserting the cause. The cannons from the Left are easy to answer: Simply fire back for all you're worth. My advice to students in my unhappy predicament, when those unwitting cannons from the Right start booming, is: Forgive them their sins and wear a bullet-proof vest with your denims. □

Little Learning

Impelled by a twisted left wing,
We have come to Pope's "dangerous thing":
    Unversed SDSers
    And psycho professors
Just sip the Pierian Spring.

Watered

I've a B.A. in cooking and speech,
Like, for doing so good in each;
    And for being so rowdy
    I'm summa cum laude—
Now I git me a license to teach.

Arthur L. Stebbins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAR

The Wrath of the Doves

ROGER DONWAY

On the Common in Lexington, Massachusetts, a granite boulder commemorates that town's intrusion into world history. There, on the morning of April 19, 1775, a certain Captain Parker gave commands to his seventy Minutemen: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Today, 195 Aprils later, the sentiment in Massachusetts has changed, and a modern Captain Parker might declare instead, "Don't fire unless fired upon—if they mean to have a war, they'll have to go to Congress." Ironically, the chief evangelist for this new spirit is the Reverend John Wells, Unitarian minister at the First Parish Church which stands beside that Lexington Common. Once a major and judge advocate in the Air Force, Wells is the originator of a Massachusetts law that aims to have the war in Vietnam proclaimed illegal by the United States Supreme Court.

Ever since the passage of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, Wells had expected the federal courts to rule on the legality of the war. But all such attempts, initiated as private suits, were rejected as involving "political questions" beyond the jurisdiction of the courts.

Yet a parallel case, *Mora* v. *McNamara*, managed to collect two dissents from the Supreme Court's denial of certiorari: Douglas, of course, and surprisingly Stewart. With that encouragement, Wells believed the reapportionment case of *Baker* v. *Carr* had so weakened the "political-questions" bar that the Justices would in fact consider the case against the war if they really wanted to. The question was what could possibly motivate them to enter such a thicket. But to that too, Wells had an answer: A political movement centering on a state law might provide both the motive and the means for a ruling. H. James Shea, a freshman representative from Newton, who recently committed suicide, introduced the proposal in December.

On the following February 11, the bill's backers tested and proved the effectiveness of their technique: an academic approach backed by political enthusiasm. Professor Steven Worth of the Political Science Department at Northeastern University gathered constitutional scholars for the presentation. Through friends, Wells got Ernest Gruening to testify. And with over eight hundred people attending the hearing and some hundreds turned away, the bill sailed out of committee with no dissenting votes.

The Citizens for Participation in Politics, an outgrowth of the McCarthy campaign, moved to publicize the bill with pamphlets, handouts and even skywriting over the Boston Common on the day of the eclipse, all to bring public pressure on the legislature. By the second week in March the battle had been won, as the Democratic leadership of the legislature came out in favor of the bill.

Now, the state legislators of Massachusetts are reputedly a hard-barked crew, not given to indulging the quixotries of Unitarian ministers, professors of political science or their own young mavericks. Yet, with an irony that plagues the bill, they voted, on April Fool's Day, for a miracle measure to end the war; the next day, a Republican governor made it law.

In the beginning, no one could fathom what source of pressure moved the bill along, what political vector its backers represented to the statehouse, what group the politicians were so anxious to placate. But when somebody coined an answer, everyone knew it was true: What the legislators feared was the wrath of the doves.

For it is widely assumed, correctly or not, that Massachusetts is not merely doveish, but a national columbary, where "America's overseas commitment" means that the United States would be justified in coming to the defense of Nantucket—maybe. In addition, Massachusetts has a staggering student population, just yearning for the next crusade. If the bill had been defeated, it would certainly have been an issue next November, and it could have been decisive in the race for governor.

In the form in which it was finally passed, there are two aspects to the Massachusetts statute, one substantive, one procedural. Substantively, in its first section, the law says:

> No inhabitant of the Commonwealth inducted or serving in the military forces of the United States shall be required to serve outside of the territorial limits of the United States in the conduct of armed hostilities, not an emergency, and not otherwise authorized in the powers granted to the President of the United States in Article 2, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States, designating the President as the commander in chief unless such hostilities were authorized or subsequently ratified by a Congressional Declaration of war according to the constitutionally established procedures in Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States.

According to Professor Worth, this provision does not attempt to alter any legal relations between the Federal Government and Massachusetts citizens; that, of course, would be futile. But if all United States citizens have a certain right, if the government must act in a certain way when dealing with them, then it follows that the citizens of Massachusetts possess that right. And it is only that subaltern conclusion that the law is meant to assert.

The charge that this law is nullification is usually based on the law's conflict with a federal action—Presidential initiation of war. But nullification, it would seem, can result only when a state opposes its power to a valid federal law, since an unconstitutional federal action, like any unconstitutional act, is of no force.

Thus, the Reverend Wells distinguishes his bill from state laws which have attempted to restrict the powers of the Federal Government granted or implied by the Constitution or Supreme Court decisions. In this case, he says, it is precisely a constitutional right which is being asserted, and precisely unconstitutional actions which are forbidden.

It is true that if the law were upheld, all federal actions contravening it would be null and void. But, say the law's defenders, they will not be nulli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fied by the state law; they will be nullified by the Constitution. The potency of the state's act will be a consequence, not the cause.

NEVERTHELESS, opponents of the law, or those who think it is futile, say they cannot find this middle ground. Either the law in itself proscribes federal officers, which would be clearly unconstitutional, or else it does not proscribe them, and so is a superfluous measure that cannot itself come in controversy.

Of course, even if the Court accepts the validity of the law, and rules on the constitutionality of the war, the outcome need not favor the doves. Thus, it may be that the law's understanding of the distribution of the war power does not accurately reflect the constitutional arrangement. Or, just possibly, it may be that the law's definition of the power is broad enough to cover the historical precedents.

The law makes three exceptions from an absolute ban on foreign hostilities: 1) if they constitute an emergency; 2) if they are within the power of the commander in chief; 3) if Congress declares war.

The provision for an emergency is supposed to take account of Article II, Section 1 of the Constitution: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States." On some interpretations, this clause confers on the President what is, in origin, the right of the nation to override all limitations when that is necessary for the country's survival. Obviously this would include the right, in certain desperate situations, to use military force without the consent of Congress.

By defining these situations as "emergencies" the Massachusetts law attempts to clarify this executive power without limiting it. A young lawyer with the state attorney general's office suggested that these emergencies would include a sudden national attack on the United States or against vital American interests, or against American lives and property. If the Supreme Court finds that the inherent military power of the executive extends beyond emergencies, the law may be declared unconstitutional on its face.

The second exception, the commander-in-chief clause, is also a doubtful area. Some say the clause which makes the President head of the Armed Forces "vests the power to do anything, anywhere, that can be done with an army or navy." But that was the theory which Justice Jackson attacked in *Youngstown* v. *Sawyer*, the case involving Truman's seizure of the steel mills, and it will not find many supporters today.

At the other extreme, some claim that the clause implies no purposes for which the President may use his command, that all authorization must come from other sources. Perhaps to decide the issues, one should ask what powers the commander in chief would have in his own right if he were subordinate to, and distinct from, the President, as Samuel P. Huntington has actually suggested he should be. That perspective would incline one to a fairly modest conception of his powers.

The third named exception is still another conundrum. Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution says that Congress shall have the power to declare war. This, of course, is the crucial passage that is being underlined and declaimed by the bill's supporters. And there is a bitter humor in hearing these liberals extol "the simple language of the Constitution."

More professionally, in denying the absolutism of that clause, the State Department's so-called Meeker Memorandum has suggested four sources of power under which the President was able to conduct the Vietnam war.

First, the power to determine foreign policy is clearly with the President, and historians count 125 to 150 instances of armed hostilities carried on with only that authority. But the bill's supporters say no amount of precedent can erase clauses from the Constitution.

The State Department has also argued that the SEATO treaty makes an attack on one party equal to a threat to the peace and security of every other party nation, which the President can meet on his own authority. But in rebuttal it is said that the treaty expressly requires any response to be in accordance with the constitutional process of the party nations.

The third, and perhaps most effective argument, is the justification of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution (though it appears this may soon be withdrawn). Today, a declaration of war may be undesirable for political, legal, diplomatic or even military purposes, but a joint resolution combines the consent of the governed with flexibility.

The final, and perhaps weakest argument, is that of tacit congressional approval: Some say that by its failure to object to the war, repeal the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, or deny appropriations, Congress has given its sanction to the war.

But this does, clearly, reverse the constitutional order. And besides, when appropriations are sought, the question of the war is inextricably linked with support of the Army's capacity to defend its men.

So if the case is decided on its merits, these are the disputes that will be considered. However, those who oppose the law are sure no case will ever be tried on such grounds.

It is the procedural side of the law which bodes to be its downfall. The second section provides, in summary, that the state's attorney general shall "in the name and in behalf of the Commonwealth . . . bring an appropriate action in the United States Supreme Court as the court having original jurisdiction . . . to defend and enforce the rights" asserted in section one of the law. Then, if the Supreme Court refuses to take original jurisdiction, the attorney general will start at the bottom of the judicial ladder in federal district court.

NOW the whole purpose of creating a state law was to get the case against the legality of the war heard before the Supreme Court on its merits. But while the law has opened some new avenues, it has also created new barriers.

As indicated, courts have previously refused to consider the constitutionality of the war on the grounds that it is a political question. If, as many theorists believe, the term denotes no doctrine but only an unwillingness to hear certain cases, then no argument from the political nature of previous decisions will avail.

But Professor Worth answers that if the urging of the states and the expectancy of public opinion can be brought to bear, the Justices' concern for the prestige of the Court, which previously suggested that they avoid the case, might instead impel them to give a decision.

Indeed, this pressure is already being brought to bear. Representative Shea's office has heard from legislators, lawyers, ministers and citizens groups from over 25 states. If the cases are not de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cided by next November, it may become an election requirement to call or decline to call for a decision on this issue.

The one other plus which the state law adds to the case's procedural chances is that if a lower court overturns a state law as unconstitutional, the Supreme Court's rules virtually require it to hear the case—although this does not mean a ruling on the war's constitutionality.

If the Court does not want to decide the constitutionality of the war, it will most likely dismiss the case on the grounds that Massachusetts lacks standing to be a party to the suit. The state will enter the case under the doctrine of *parens patriae*, which simply holds that in some instances a state has a quasisovereign interest in protecting the rights of its citizens. As it happens, one usual limit to this power is that it does not hold in the citizen's relation to the Federal Government. But the laws' backers believe this limitation has been sufficiently eroded to allow their case, if they can show that the other two customary criteria for entering *parens patriae* have been met.

First the state must show that a substantial number of its citizens are affected by the challenged action. About this there seems little doubt. Second, the state must show that it has an interest independent of the claims of its citizens. Here, for example, while the citizens claim a constitutional right, the state may allege damage to its economy.

On these questions, no one can be sure whether the Court will find the arguments convincing. The feeling on both sides is that the balance hangs less on the cogency of the positions than on the Court's desire to hear the case.

The final question, at this point almost a dream, is what form a ruling against undeclared wars would take. Images of a court-ordered immediate withdrawal are, of course, nonsense. Some speculate along a parallel to the desegregation cases—an order of all deliberate speed. A more diplomatic decision might maintain that the war as presently conducted, as a phased withdrawal, is within the powers of the President, leaving open the question which need not come up, whether the war was at *any* time unconstitutional.

With all its issues and implications, the case is one that might have tempted John Marshall; and indeed if there is to be a sensible, yet substantive ruling, the Court will have to exercise the tact of a Marshall. For the traditions of federal power are not to be rearranged, nor even legally hardened, in a cavalier fashion. One can only hope a majority of the Supreme Court still realizes that. □

Satire V from The Scourge of Vacuity

The liberal I sing, thrice blessed sage—
Presiding spirit of this gaudy age.
No prejudice has he, but, Argus-eyed,
He sees of every question every side.
At Berkeley he was trained to keep his mind
Wide open—at both ends. He's not the kind
To hasten to a rash decision; no,
Enlightened men act seldom and think slow.
Asked once if he'd have lemon with his tea,
He thought the problem over carefully:
For thirty days he thought, in deep seclusion,
And then he found a tentative conclusion.
While Jack Cade and his envious rout rebel,
Making an ordered land disordered hell,
He sits and listens to a cleric bray
The Gospel of St. Marx the livelong day.
"Social Justice" is a text and theme
Progressive parsons hold in high esteem.
With such a passion did this cleric speak,
He broke his wind, and scarlet flushed his cheek;
But though he preached right on, with unctuous art,
I swear there was more matter in the fart.

The liberal thought them both extraordinary:
He praised the text and cheered the commentary.
In all things social or political
He is a perfect intellectual.
So far backward leans he, I'll be bound,
He scrapes his head behind him on the ground;
And thus, for fairness' sake, his head is bald.
His knees, I understand, are somewhat galled,
For on the starry sky he stares and stares
And stumbles into ditches unawares.
As he was sailing southward last November
With his mother and some UN member
(A neutralist from Africa, I think)
A tidal wave o'erwhelmed them in a wink.
Alas, his guest and mother could not swim,
And each in turn for help cried out to him.
When dire necessity demands decision,
Then does he act with rare dispatch and vision:
He sadly left his mother to her fate
And saved the drowning UN delegate.
It was a selfless and unprejudiced deed.
The priceless Freedom Medal was his meed.

Retraction

With grievous shame and sorrow, I append
These postscript lines to tell the tragic end
Of him I mocked in rude, satiric jest.
When sorrow bids us speak, grave words are best;
And therefore I discard my cynic guise
To prove the man I wronged was truly wise.
Not long ago—about a week or two—
While following a bluebird as it flew
Into a wood, this liberalminded man
Soon lost his way. Undaunted, he began
To seek the proper path, but then a fog
Obscured his sight. He walked into a bog.
Although the water crept up to his nose,
Yet forward strode he as the water rose.
Reactionary fools may turn around
And then retrace their steps to higher ground;
But this enlightened liberal pushed on,
And soon all mortal trace of him was gone.
Alas, what can I say? The man is dead.
But his creed still lives: "A liberal moves ahead."

L. J. Fattoroski

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANK S. MEYER

THE REAL CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

The essence of a constitutional society is that decisions affecting the body politic are made through established procedures, constructed both to express the over-all consensus of the community and to give play to the conflicting interests of the various minorities that make up the community. The only alternative to such a constitutional regime is a regime of raw power, either of the mob or of a tyrant—and, historically, the anarchic rule of the mob has inevitably given birth to the tyrant.

Most political philosophers have known this, and all the founders of constitutions. It is a truth, however, apparently unknown to the elite of American universities and their followers in the communications media. For one must assume that these gentlemen know not what they do—that they are not devoted to destroying their society. Nevertheless, their course over some time now, and particularly in the last days, has been directed to intimidating and overawing the constituted authorities and forcing national policy into the mold of their ideological presuppositions.

For, make no mistake about it, what we are seeing in the current *jacqueries* of the universities is not a revolt of youth—not the product of any generation gap. (George Wallace, let it be remembered, had more support in the younger age groups than in the population as a whole.) The students are only the mass army of a coherent, ideologically motivated attack upon the tradition and the structure of our civilization and our Republic, an attack sedulously promoted by their elders now these two generations. And their doings are nursed, cosseted and magnified out of all proportion by the intellectual flunkies of the communications media.

These demonstrations of 100,000 or so in Washington (less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the American population), these strikes and actions on campuses around the country, involving a few hundred thousand more—what in actuality do they represent except the attitude of a highly specialized section of the population? More, they are small in numbers, if high in visibility, and totally isolated from the productive process which is the backbone of the country and the concern of three-fourths of the American people.

Let me be clear on one thing. I do not mean to depreciate the potentiality of this movement to destroy America. If those who are the appointed guardians of the constitutional processes fail to stand against this media-assisted modern form of the revolutionary mobs of older days, these latter-day ideological mobs may yet carry the day. Symbols—at least single symbols—are sometimes doubtful harbingers; but it is disquieting to compare President Nixon's actions last fall and at the most recent demonstration.

Last fall he watched a football game and showed thereby his recognition of the constitutional source of his power and the irrelevance of assembled mobs. This May he traveled out in the middle of the night to talk with some of their representatives. A slight thing perhaps, but, whatever the symbolic meaning of that noctural expedition, last fall's reaction was a constitutionalist's reaction of defiance, planned or instinctive, that symbolically demonstrated the President's awareness of the disproportion between the claims of the tens of millions who had voted for him and those comparatively few who were attempting to use the streets to negate the constitutional process those tens of millions represent.

Although the elitists who today in America are attempting to thwart constitutional process and impose their ideological control on the country are not organized in the conspiratorial, paramilitary fashion of the Communist and fascist totalitarians, their endeavor is functionally similar. And, as with their totalitarian predecessors, the responsibility for bringing them to heel before it is too late rests with the constituted authorities—first of all, the President of the United States.

The American people in their great producing majority have been patient, very patient, as the leaders of society—from the Federal Government to the presidents of universities—have allowed a dedicated minority to ride roughshod over the rights of others. But their patience is growing thin. The New York construction workers are a premonitory symptom of what is in store if legitimate authority is not soon reasserted.

QUITE APART from the patently criminal acts of arson and destruction and the widespread terrorization on university campuses of anyone standing in the way of the ideologues (I have personally learned in the last few days of eleven such incidents), there remains the wider question of how much mass intimidation of its judicial and governmental institutions a society can tolerate. As profoundly liberal a Justice as Oliver Wendell Holmes placed the limit of First Amendment rights where their exercise threatens the rights and safety of others. But mob intimidation of constitutional process threatens the rights of all to live in a free society.

There are sufficient laws on the statute books, and sufficient residual power in government for the preservation of public safety, to restore that order without which constitutional government cannot function. But first it will be necessary for those in authority to understand the nature of the danger in its full peril to representative government. A beginning might be to stop saying of the rioters, "they are trying to tell us something, and we should listen to them." What they are trying to tell us is clear. It is, in essence, the demand for the substitution of mob rule and tyranny for orderly government—a demand which must be rejected. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

PLEASURES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL

AMONG THE THINGS that make Belgium so appealing is the possibility of combining the pleasures of the spirit with those of the flesh (or vice versa, depending on your temperament) with great ease, and for not much money. This became clear to me last May, in Bruges, where I witnessed the extraordinary and unforgettable Procession du Saint Sang, which by tradition is held annually on the first Monday after the second of May. The procession commemorates the coming of the Holy Blood of Our Lord to Bruges, brought by Count Thierry of Alsace, Count of Flanders, on his return from Jerusalem after the Second Crusade, around 1150. Joseph of Arimathea had gathered the Holy Blood from Our Lord's wounds, and a few drops of it are contained in a vial and housed in a beautiful gold reliquary which in its turn is kept in a lovely Renaissance chapel. The procession was followed by a memorable dinner at the Duc de Bourgogne, a restaurant fitted into a charming Renaissance house where the dining room hangs over a canal framed in the green of the weeping willows. This was followed by a visit to the Memling paintings in the Hôpital de Saint Jean, which has been in continuous operation since 1188. And this was followed by a supper of Belgium's national dish, *moules et frites*, mussels and French fries which really should be called Belgian fries. They are small, crisp and always freshly made, at street stalls or restaurants.

Bruges is far lovelier than I can describe, all glorious red and gray high dormered and gabled houses with tall razor-sharp roofs; medieval palaces and eighteenth-century classical façades along the canals; soaring spires, big squares and intimate ones, a town hall all lacy stone. On this day, it was crammed with spectators from all of Europe.

The procession is a series of walking tableaux and floats, impersonations from the Old and New Testaments, and a re-enactment of the arrival of the Holy Blood in Bruges. It is produced by an ancient confraternity, the Noble Confrerie du Saint Sang, and it is acted by the citizens of Bruges, old and young, men, women and children. In the morning, we saw the costuming of the cast in the old Halles, the medieval market building, where piles of clothing lay around in great stacks, and where there was a great ado of helmeted Roman soldiers, bearded Assyrians, wimpled women, medieval pages, Renaissance burghers and a large number of male and female persons in amorphous long gowns carrying palm fronds in their arms, straight out of a Van Eyck painting.

It is impossible to take in all the details of the very realistic Procession, which winds its way through Bruges in some four hours. I can only mention raggy, dejected Adam and Eve, crouching under a splendid avenging angel with a huge sword; Joseph sold by his brethren like a calf at auction; bearded Assyrians carrying the Paschal Lamb—all to the chanting of the sacred texts from hidden loudspeakers. The Nativity float was a Flemish picture brought to life, and in the Passion, an enormous wooden statue of Our Lord was carried by laughing Jewish and Roman youths. The Descent from the Cross, another huge statue, was in the hands of hooded Penitentes, while other Penitentes showed their grief by scourging themselves.

The relic itself was preceded by richly dressed Crusaders on caparisoned horses. An even more richly dressed Count de Thierry and his consort came amidst joyous male, female and child burghers who symbolized the city of Bruges. A spiritual honor guard of lesser, though magnificent, silver and gold reliquaries preceded the actual reliquary of the Holy Blood, which was carried high on clerical shoulders. The human guard of honor followed with members of the clergy, low and high, bishops, the Cardinal Primate of Belgium, the city council of Bruges and the Confraternity of the Holy Blood in top hats and frock coats, with ribbons and orders, and the mayor of Bruges, all velvety robes and beret and golden chains, as well as assorted military in full dress uniforms. As the relic passed, almost all of the spectators fell on their knees, in complete silence. All the church bells and the famous Bruges carillon were pealing full strength.

WHEN the spirit is tired and the body hungry, the balm of luxury is even more soothing. The Duc de Bourgogne did not let us down; in spite of the rush business, the food, the drink, the service and the appurtenances were exquisite. I remember the best double consommé of my life and a shrimp-sauced turbot of a freshness beyond compare, followed by big juicy strawberries which the waiter removed from a cotton-lined basket and hulled for me as he served them, with *crème fraîche*.

Memling's masterpiece is the reliquary of St. Ursula, where he describes her trip with her eleven thousand virgins and their subsequent martyrdom. All the people in it, touching young girls, wicked Turks, cruel warriors etc. are shown in the clothes of Memling's own time, Burgundian Bruges in all its splendor. Quite aside from its great artistic merits, each painting is so fresh, so colorful and so spontaneous that it might have been created yesterday. What struck me about the reliquary was the fun, the sheer fun of looking at it. It alone would be worth the trip to Bruges, let alone the other Memlings in the Saint Jean Hospital.

The faces we had seen in the Memling paintings were the same faces we saw in the evening, on the Grote Markt, the big market square where we ate our mussels and *frites*. Astonishingly, modern life, and life is very modern in Belgium, had not changed the faces of Flanders, and this was reassuring. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Conservative Freeway

DAVID BRUDNOY

Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?: American Conservative Thought in the Twentieth Century
Edited by William F. Buckley Jr.
Bobbs-Merrill, 533 pp., $8.50

When Hugh Kenner reviewed *The Jeweler's Eye* in 1968, he asked what role the Republic might offer William Buckley. After rejecting "public office," Mr. Kenner suggested "academic eminence," but shucked that off with "too constricting." Then he tried *"éminence grise"* and "resident intellectual" but dismissed those too. Finally: "Political theorist? But we're bored to death with theory." Mr. Kenner, of course, was quite right, and so I opened Mr. Buckley's latest book with foreboding; maybe he who always seemed so refreshingly *un*hooked by academe and theory alike had at last been harnessed, gelded, transformed into one of *us*. I feared without cause. Granted, this book is a tome, but it's readable too, and indispensable for any but the most bibliomaniacal conservative. It's also irresistible for devotees of Buckleyana, who'll find that his sections are delightful—vintage Buckley—and that the selection of essays clues us in on his conservatism, which isn't necessarily yours, or mine.

Did You Ever See A Dream Walking? isn't a usual title for a distinguished book of readings on political thought, and not surprisingly it does not have a usual introduction. Mr. Buckley demarcates his conservatism partly by ruling *out* (e.g., Birchism, anarchism, Objectivism, conspiracy theorists), partly by inclusion. As a hint to folks who're convinced there's a tunnel between East 35th Street and the Vatican: "Can you be a conservative and not believe in God? This is an empirical essay, and so the answer is, as obviously, yes." But immediately, this warning to people who believe anything goes in the world of WFB: "Can you be a conservative and despise God and feel contempt for those who believe in Him? I would say no."

"I have sometimes wondered whether I am myself a true conservative. I feel that I qualify spiritually and philosophically; but temperamentally I am not of the breed," he writes. But Whittaker Chambers called William Buckley a conservative and himself a man of the Right, which cryptic distinction this book does little to clarify. This much, however, is clear: neither Mr. Buckley nor his two dozen essayists are nostrum-peddlers or dogmatists. "The freeway remains large, large enough to accommodate very different players with highly different prejudices and techniques. The differences are now tonal, now substantive, but they do not appear to be choking each other off." Most of Mr. Buckley's freeway-riders would probably agree with him in hoping that "we shall be saved from this dreadful century, whose name stands for universal ignominy in the name of equality; and, in the name of freedom, a drab servitude to anonymous institutional idealisms."

INDIVIDUALLY, these essays are superb, and their cumulative effect is staggering. Garry Wills asks that we question "*what kind* of order, *what kind* of freedom"—instead of the hackneyed, absolutist order-or-freedom dichotomy. Mr. Wills obdurately insists on exploring the ramifications of his question, reminding us that "the great conservatives . . . were . . . foes of current fads, of enthusiasms that command the power centers of their day as liberalism has swept the world in our time." John Courtney Murray was such a conservative, stubbornly unfashionable, resolutely unmoved by fleeting passion. And Frank Meyer is such a conservative, perhaps the paradigmatic conservative, without whom American conservatism today would be unthinkable, although it'd be easier, because less tough. The problem of conservatism, Mr. Meyer writes, "is to find the way to restore the tradition of the civilization and apply it in a new situation. . . . [Conservatism] is based upon its commitment to the recovery of a tradition, the tradition of Western civilization and the American Republic which has been subjected to a revolutionary attack in the years since 1932."

The book includes essays like Albert Jay Nock's hilarious "Anarchist's Progress," Michael Oakeshott's brilliant put-down of the sentimentalizers of the Average, Harry Jaffa's judicious examination of the dilemma of freedom and

the necessary limits to freedom, and Henry Hazlitt's concise "Economics in One Lesson," which simply can't be quoted in snippets. And I'm loath to pick and choose among those which can; *numero unius, exclusio alterius.* But—what the hell: here's a taste (watch out, I'm going to flip you a Buckleyism) of Ernest van den Haag's relentlessly solomonic "Race: Claims, Rights and Prospects," a crisply logical attempt to reconcile various claims and counterclaims in race relations, which finds room for discrimination, but relevant discrimination only, in the public sphere; while in private matters, "the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED: readers who will use the card facing this page to introduce a friend to *National Review* now. Who knows what will happen next in the news? Whatever it is *National Review* will be there (we'd like your friend along too.) You choose the friend you think most likely to enjoy NR, then produce this handy card: urge your friend to use it without delay to try NR (dare him if you must!) We'll be glad you did (and so may your friend: remember, you may be starting a lifelong friendship!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ The Religious Publishers Group of the American Book Publishers Council is chanting the *Dies Irae*. Output of religious titles dropped sharply in 1969. Of a hundred publishers active in the field in 1960, only 25 are announcing a "significant" religious list a decade later. Religious backlists are dying out. Proposed solutions include the preparation of a bibliography of scholarly religious books and an "essential" list of religious books for bookstores. Both lists will presumably feature the authors whose books have brought religious publishing to its present crisis.

■ Liveright, recently acquired by the *New Republic*, reprinting Walter Lippmann's *Early Writings* (June, $7.50), with an introduction and notes by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Included: Lippmann's salute to John Reed. . . . Woody Klein, fresh from Gracie Mansion, delivers a mash note dubbed *Lindsay's Promise* (Macmillan, June, $6.95). For spice to cut the saccharine, Klein serves up former grey eminence Bob Price as villian. . . . Now in print: 300,000 copies of Robert Townsend's *Up the Organization* (Knopf, $5.95); 110,000 of Antonia Fraser's superior biography, *Mary Queen of Scots* (Delacorte, $10); 700,000 of *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton, $7.95); 529,000 of *The New English Bible* (Oxford/Cambridge, $8.95). *Up the Organization* is reviewed in this issue.

■ You are not what you think you are, according to Stephen Schmidt, who maintains that there are fourteen constellations in the belt of the Zodiac, not twelve. The new revelation is unveiled in *Astrology 14* (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95). *Now* maybe we'll find out why we keep doing everything wrong. . . . Out this month from Dutton: *The Van Wyck Brooks-Lewis Mumford Letters, 1921-1963* ($12.95). . . . Coming on June 29: Otto von Habsburg's biography of a famous ancestor, Charles V (Praeger). The new McLuhan ranges *From Cliché to Archetype* (Viking, June, $6.95). And lest you're tempted to return your copy as defective, the introduction is *supposed* to be in the middle of the book, alphabetically. Which we hope does not become archetypical. . . . A major biography of Einstein will be published in early 1971 (World). The author, Ronald Clark, had access to Einstein papers previously unavailable.

■ Periodicals: Conservative editorial page of *N.Y. Daily News*, under chief editorialist Reuben Maury and cartoonist Warren King, getting submerged by news columns under liberal managing editor Mike O'Neill and aging "Capitol Stuff" custodian Ted Lewis (occasional *Nation* contributor). Bill Brink, ex-*Newsweek* senior editor, new O'Neill aide. Sheward Hagerty, another *Newsweek* senior editor, slated to become *News'* feature editor. Meanwhile, *N.Y. Times* local coverage, under Abe Rosenthal's skilled hand, ravages *News* at what was once the latter's forte. . . . In the last couple of *Esquires*, Malcolm Muggeridge has been pushed back to page 180 by urgent issues like Himalayan cooking. If you're thinking of turning conservative and Christian, let that be a lesson to you.

dividual has a clear right to discriminate socially in however foolish a manner he wishes—though he might be wiser, and serve his interests better, by not exercising it." Since he's recently wrestled with the Jewish mystique, it's appropriate to note Professor van den Haag's delicious *chutzpah*. Oh, some will scream "racist," but they'll have to peer in their mirrors to do so.

MORTIMER SMITH takes on public education in an essay I found rather dated, too reminiscent of Albert Lynd's *Quackery in the Public Schools*. This was my first disappointment in the book, the other being Frederick Wilhelmsen's "Christmas in Christendom." As one of Mr. Buckley's "habitual atheists," I can't experience what Mr. Wilhelmsen can, or feel myself into it.

Most likely, every reader will find a few selections which for some reason leave him cold; though, as always, those eerie young men who affect long forelocks, darting tongues and nervous pencils, the heresy-dreading Buckleyolators, will take this book as the Gospel According to St. Bill. But Mr. Buckley states at the outset that this is a *single student's* understanding of what is the flesh and blood of American conservatism, thus implicitly inviting more such anthologies, by others. Easily escaping the *pas d'ennemi à droite* trap, Mr. Buckley just as neatly avoids a too narrow focus, confounding those who'd define conservatism by reference to last week's *NR* alone, or by the standards of any single "school."

Leafing through this fat collection provides an opportunity to reconsider some modern classics, like Jane Jacobs' *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, which I first met as a terribly knowledgeable college junior, all hot to bulldoze a million slums. I hated this madwoman who couldn't discern the need for programed uniformity. Mutatis mutandis, I've learned better and now belatedly sing the praises of urban diversity along with her.

Perhaps typical in a preponderance of these diverse essays is skepticism, aristocratic rigor, disdain for the current, unwillingness to be boxed in by other people's conventions. I think of Russell Kirk:

> Without inequality, there is no opportunity for charity, or for gratitude; without differences of mind and talent, the world would be one changeless expanse of uniformity . . . the most conspicuous feature of hell. I am inclined to believe, then, that the need of our time is not for greater progress toward equality of condition and distribution of wealth, but rather for the clear understanding of what commutative and distributive justice truly mean: "to each his own."

I've seen it expressed more sweetly, but never more frankly.

Certain essays—Eric Voegelin's, Leo Strauss', Christopher Dawson's, for instance—are convoluted, difficult to grasp at once. Others are spare and lean, like Jeffrey Hart's amazingly fresh "Burke and Radical Freedom," which concludes with this starkly simple thought: "[I]t is to Burke that we logically turn as we seek to reconstitute that tradition in the teeth of another revolution."

THE FINAL ESSAYS are reflections on the spiritual crisis, including two pieces by Whittaker Chambers, to which many who appreciated *Odyssey of a Friend* will turn first, as did a friend who dropped by while I was going through the book. "I never knew," he said, "I never knew until I read Chambers." Might every other American conservative of our time be forgotten in a hundred years, and only Chambers remembered? Will Chambers' hope and courage, his striving for a "rallying idea," be the last legacy of this century's conservatism?

I've taken this book very personally; maybe that's a sin in a reviewer. But "each age finds its own language for an eternal meaning," Whittaker Chambers wrote in his last letter to William Buckley. I think Bill Buckley has tried to help others, us, find a way to approach *our* language, of which the series' editor, Leonard Levy, has suggested: "To ignore, to be unmoved or to be unprovoked by Mr. Buckley and his fellow conservatives within these covers is to risk the charge of being dead to ideas or, what is equally damning, so preju-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diced that nothing can move or remove encrusted, ritualistic beliefs of whatever hue." I hope that in their rush to be provoked, other liberals who read *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* will not fail also to be moved by James Burnham's stunning, discomposing "Communism: The Struggle for the World." "If we adhere in any meaningful sense to Western civilization," Mr. Burnham writes, we must recognize "all forms of Communism [as] incompatible with the essential ideas, values, traditions and institutions of Western civilization. As Westerners we must, logically, affirm that we decline to choose or accept. . . any. . . variety of Communism; that we choose an alternative that is not Communism even if the sole alternative is death. So long as we are willing to include death among possible alternatives we shall always be free to choose." □

Up the Organization
By Robert Townsend
Knopf, 202 pp., $5.95

PSEUDOREVOLUTIONARY BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY

VICTOR GOLD

Be honest: Could any how-to book on corporate efficiency that contends labor unions, civil service and the AAUP are "a bloody nuisance," and further advises the reader, "Don't hire Harvard Business School graduates"—could such a book be *all* bad? The impulse is to say, of course not. But wait. Heartwarming as is the expert advice to turn away HBS job applicants because the school "trains its students for only three posts—executive vice president, president and board chairman," what, after all, is left when the self-comforting yuk at Our Betters wears off? Come on, now, Mr. Townsend, straight-between-the-eyes: Did you *really*, when you were wheeling as board chairman of Avis Rent-a-Car, risk the wrath of Boston stockholders (let alone the Human Rights Commission) by discriminating out-of-hand and *in toto* against Wharton boys? I, for one, would have to believe it to see it.

What we have here then, accepting this contribution to executive management guidance in the hard-nosed spirit the author seems to favor, is simply another example of Robert Townsend's remarkable gift for salesmanship, the merchandise in this instance being some 202 space-filled pages of pithy pseudo-revolutionary business philosophy about the "organizational sludge," human and institutional, which, according to the subtitle, stifles people and strangles profits.

It is one of those anti-smug, but somehow smug, how-to books, written about *other* people, chiding *them* (but never, of course, the reader, who is implicitly, by the rules of this literary genre, With the Author) for *their* pomposities, *their* banalities, and *their* vagaries in the conduct of daily business. Only short takes and plain words, understand, to be greeted with either "cries of relief and gratitude" or "shrieks of pain" (there being no middle ground, since the author's message "will not be ignored").

And if, after reading between the blank spaces, one is impelled neither to cry nor to shriek, but merely to shrug, what are we to conclude? That the reader is a particularly arrogant Harvard Business School graduate? An obtuse advertising man? (*"Fire the whole advertising department. . . ."*) A well-carapaced marketing specialist? (*"Marketing departments . . . are usually camouflage designed to cover up for lazy or worn-out chief executives."*) An insensitive purchasing executive? (*"Yes, fire the whole purchasing department."*) A stupid, or at least independently wealthy, personnel man? (*"Fire the whole personnel department."*) An exceptionally slow-witted (getting warmer here) public relations man? (*". . . fire the whole department. If you have an outside PR firm, fire them too."*)

NOT NECESSARILY. It may be only that Mr. Townsend, once the initial impact of his sales pitch diminishes, is revealed as saying nothing quite that new or revolutionary after all. The genre is in fact instantly recognizable to anyone who has ever experienced, directly or indirectly, a full-dress sales revival meeting featuring as guest speaker an imported chatauquan who gained a reputation for business acumen, along with his first million, by "shaking things up" at Acme Tool or Consolidated Jackhammer some five, ten or fifteen years ago, and has since hit the road to carry the Message of His Success to benighted business brethren across the length-and-breadth of the land, at anywhere from $250 to $500 an engagement. Except that Mr. Townsend, let there be no mistake, is strictly Big Time Eastern *enfant terrible*, i.e., he tells his four-letter word stories without the blanks.

The other ingredients are all here, however, substituting only Madison Avenue for Main Street: the impish irreverence, as in the advice about non-hiring Harvard men (on the minor league circuit, the admonition is to non-hire "business school graduates" generally); the pungent iconoclasm (*"At the*

root of the disaster in American education today is the tenure system—whether of those non-teaching professors at Berkeley or of Al Shanker's lard-assed civil servants in Brooklyn."); the shirtsleeve practicality, give or take a rustic Madison Avenue homily (*"It's about eleven times as easy to start something as to stop something." . . . "If you can't do it excellently, don't do it at all." . . . "Like everything else you do—keep your expense account honest." . . .* "PROMISES. *Keep them. . . ."*)

To be sure, Mr. Townsend's objective is to "humanize" modern business institutions and practices (non-hiring and firing policies to the contrary notwithstanding), and it is perhaps unfair to judge such a book, pre-sold as "the best, strongest, funniest, sagest, most outrageous and constructive" merchandise of its kind, by the author's own sharp measure. But with Peter F. Drucker's more thoughtful if less flamboyant *The Effective Executive* gathering dust, unread on countless business library shelves across the length-and-breadth, and Mr. Townsend himself crying into the Oyster Bay night for voices of dissent to the faddish business spirit of the times, simple literary justice requires that someone point out that any book filled with such gems as *"Getting good legal advice is a question of picking the right individual, not the right firm"* is, at $5.95 a shot, an investment for precisely the kind of business boob the author puts down. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Push Comes to Shove: The Escalation of Student Protest
By Steven Kelman
Houghton, 287 pp., $5.95

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE RADICAL LEFT

PHILIP P. ARDERY JR.

In a healthy democracy, reason serves as the basis for political conduct, but then American democracy has come on bad times. If such things ultimately matter, the Left deserves both prior and stronger blame for the antirational, antidemocratic currents that are infecting our political society today. The ugly rightist attacks on nonconformity and dissent sprang, after all, from earlier and uglier eruptions of unreason from the Left. In the Sixties it was the leftists who replaced arguments with obscenities. The Left put aside petitions and staged mass rallies, encouraged civil disobedience and fomented riots. Left-wing program were the ones that called for guns and bombs.

So if today's assault on reason has made rational conservatives like Frank Meyer suspect on the Right (one critic, in the March 10 issue of *NR*, called Meyer a "dedicated liberal" because of Meyer's concern with freedom), then maneuvering is that much more treacherous for the Steven Kelmans on the Left. Kelman, a graduating senior at Harvard, is a democratic socialist, and in the Cambridge crowd a belief in the rational processes of democracy warrants more than the taunt, uttered by one of Kelman's schoolmates, that "you're the most right-wing leftist I ever met." Another schoolmate told him, "Kelman, you're going to die. When we take over, you're going to be killed."

It shocks to consider how fast the antirational politics have arrived. When Kelman came to Harvard in September 1966, student protest did not amount even to the "Push" of his title. He makes note of leftist manifestos and *Harvard Crimson* editorials that politely opposed American bombing in North Vietnam. In November of that year, when some radical students cornered Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in a Cambridge street, the leader of Harvard SDS sent the crowd home. And "within the next two days, 2,700 Harvard undergraduates—an amazing number really [there are only about 4,500 in all]—signed a petition apologizing to McNamara."

THAT SO MANY of today's revolutionists were these gentle moderates three years ago suggests that their root concerns cannot be political. Kelman, who probes deeply and brilliantly, sees the rebels' motivation as "a *psychological* self-interest, or, to be more precise, the therapeutic value that acting out of psychological problems has for many students."

Kelman understands that political radicalism, "as Max Weber pointed out, is not designed for people out to save souls, especially their own. Those who go into it for that reason usually end up hurting the interests of those [they purportedly serve]." But if such people must stay out of revolutionary politics, then to what medium can they turn to find salvation? Although Kelman heaps contempt on "alienated" radicals—especially the "used-up aristocrats"—he holds out for them the hope that "an altruistic politics can 'cure' alienation by giving life a purpose." And here, trapped into his leftist philosophical framework, Kelman stumbles. Spiritual man transcends political man, and the rationality that must inform all healthy

political behavior is wholly inadequate when the job to be accomplished is "giving life a purpose." It is the supposition by the Left that some kind of political action, whether revolutionary or "altruistic," can serve as the proper vehicle for spiritual expression that has at the same time perverted American politics and also twisted American students into the pathetic emotional cripples that so many are today.

Steven Kelman is not capable of Billy Graham's perception that the alienation of young people is a worthy spiritual odyssey in need of direction. And only conservatism—which Kelman, in an uncharacteristic outburst of Harvard narrowmindedness, calls "about as inspiring as tepid, flat Budweiser"—can uphold the rational order of political society and at the same time minister to the young's transcendental quest. □

The Great Weapons Heresy
By Thomas W. Wilson Jr.
Houghton, 250 pp. $5.95

NUCLEAR ARMS AND POLITICAL REALITIES

FRANK J. JOHNSON

The strategic arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union is one of history's objective tragedies. It is a highly expensive and dangerous phenomenon from which no American can derive any comfort. But given the political constellation of our times, it is probably as certain to continue as the proverbial death and taxes.

Mr. Wilson resurrects the "affair of J. Robert Oppenheimer" as a fulcrum upon which to plead the contrary view, precisely on the grounds that new weapons systems by either side have become politically irrelevant. Oppenheimer's controversial views on nuclear policy, and the circumstances which culminated in the denial of his security clearance in 1954, are recapitulated as a *déjà vu* backdrop to this thesis. Oppenheimer, we are informed, is to be honored because he foresaw and uttered the realities of the nuclear age before it had become respectable, or safe, to do so. The "great weapons heresy" of the late Forties and early Fifties has become the obvious wisdom of today. But has it? The reader is not really called upon (happily) to make a judgment about the pros and cons of the Oppenheimer case in order to evaluate the author's analogy and conclusions with respect to today's situation. They are not, unfortunately, convincing.

Oppenheimer grasped pessimistically and instantly, the implications of the Soviet rejection of the Baruch proposal to surrender the U.S. nuclear monopoly and internationalize atomic energy. So

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much so that he was willing (according to the author) to consider at that time (along with Bertrand Russell) a pre-emptive strike against the Soviet Union. His opposition to, and subsequent lack of enthusiasm for, the H-bomb seems to have been based on a fear that a) it was more destructive than justified by any potential enemy targets, and b) the resources consumed would detract from the construction of U.S. defense capabilities and the ability to fight wars on a smaller scale than an all-out nuclear exchange.

As it turned out, Oppenheimer's judgment on thermonuclear weapons was wrong. United States scientific resources proved adequate to the technical requirements of both defense and offense. The advent of missiles requires megaton-range warheads to fulfill their missions. "Assured destruction" of enemy population centers is one of the melancholy requirements of "deterrence." No one today seriously questions the wisdom of the U.S. decision to build the H-bomb. And as for Oppenheimer's unhappiness with the subsequent U.S. strategic doctrine of "massive retaliation," who is to say that it did not "work"? Shortly after it was enunciated, the Communists found it prudent not to extend their victory over the French at Dienbienphu into a drive to take all of Indochina; neither did they press their luck at Quemoy in 1958. The Eisenhower years had at least a relative tranquility. The Kennedy-Johnson change to "flexible response," on the other hand, seems to have offered no deterrent to Hanoi in taking on a war with the U.S.

But as he peered further into the future, Oppenheimer was arguing that the time would come when numbers would cease to mean anything. And he said in early 1953: ". . . the very least we can say is that, looking ten years ahead, it is likely to be small comfort that the Soviet Union is four years behind us, and small comfort that they are only half as big as we are. The very least we can conclude is that our twenty-thousandth bomb . . . will not in any deep strategic sense offset their two-thousandth."

Here, in Mr. Wilson's view, was the core of the Oppenheimer heresy: "This predicted the death of the historical doctrine that still taught men on both sides that national security lies in the attainment of military superiority over presumed enemies. It was heretical prophecy, and the traditional penalty for heresy is excommunication. . . . How could either of two nations with the power to destroy each other, regardless of who struck first, ever achieve a 'favorable balance of power' in relation to the other?"

The rub in all this is the all-important question of the first strike and of its credibility to an opponent. We have a great many learned savants pontificating these days to the Soviet Union about the "myths" of nuclear superiority, but no indication as yet that the Soviet leaders accept the reasoning of these gentlemen. All we know for sure is that the Soviet strategic arms program is such that they *could* be going for a first strike. Is it barely possible that they know something we don't—or even worse, *think* they know it? As technology proceeds, an increasing premium is accruing to the side that is not squeamish about initiating nuclear war. An initial salvo directed at opposing nuclear forces may wipe out far more than an equivalent number of enemy warheads. From the preliminary SALT talks at Helsinki we already know what the Soviets mean by "parity." They want the right to build as many deliverable warheads as we have, counting all our bombers, fighter bombers and carrier aircraft. When one considers the consequences to our deterrent of each Soviet warhead delivered by missile on a bomber base or from a shadowing destroyer against a U.S. carrier, it is not difficult to understand what the Soviets are after.

What we do not know and can never be sure of is how the *Soviets* view the future of the arms race. It is not a dead end or stalemate unless both sides agree that this is the fact. But since one side is a closed society, dedicated to expanding its system, free from any moral restraints on the means of doing so, and able to conceal its weapons-development plans until they are tested, while the other side is a defense state, committed by its ethic to absorbing a first strike, and forced to operate in a goldfish bowl of publicity regarding weapons development and strategic doctrine, it becomes doubly difficult to bring about any commonly perceived mutuality of interest.

Mr. Wilson recognizes that the closed and open societies are still in gross conflict as political systems. To this extent he is light years ahead of many of his contemporaries. He gets an "A" for his appraisal of the political realities. As for the nuclear consequences which flow from it, J. Robert Oppenheimer's pessimism is still justified. □

REJOINDERS

SHIRER'S VIEW OF THE FALL OF FRANCE

BRENTON H. SMITH

If William L. Shirer keeps a scrapbook of reviews of *The Collapse of the Third Republic* and if he arranges these from the most flattering to the most carping he will probably be surprised to discover that Exhibit No. 1 turns out to be *NR*'s piece by George Fielding Eliot [March 10]. What makes this high rating so incongruous is that Shirer's work is suffused with a very shopworn variety of leftish moralism.

Shirer is an admirer of the liberal, secular, welfare state, and in the long stretch of French history from the founding of the Third Republic to the Dreyfus affair and thence to the near-revolutionary disturbances of the mid-1930s he has little but praise for the builders of that state and little but disdain for the critics of it, be they of any viewpoint likely to appear in *NR*. Léon Blum and his Popular Front confrères are presented as mellow humanitarians who tried to convince the selfish and myopic bourgeoisie that its "moneybags were safe at home" in France. Despite the much vaunted distaste of liberals for conspiracy theories, Shirer, on the basis of the flimsiest kind of evidence, turns Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval into a pair of schemers, who slowly but surely concocted a plan to pull France out of World War II and away from her republican institutions. Shirer is not an analytical historian. He is an overheated judge. He delivers his account of the deterioration of the Third Republic in the manner of an embittered prophet, sermonizing on the punishment and ruin of Israel.

Your reviewer passes along the observation that Pétain and Weygand greatly blamed Britain for the disaster of the 1940 campaign and that placing the blame in this fashion was what they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meant by "saving the honor of the French army." This is a most unfair coupling of two accurate but very separate ideas. The French did blame the British, and they were concerned about military honor, but the two things are not joined in the way suggested. In the circumstances, saving the honor of the army meant the negotiation of an armistice with the enemy before the bulk of the rapidly retreating French forces was broken up and disgracefully forced to surrender on the battlefield.

In similar conditions in the earlier wars, thoroughly defeated army commanders have almost invariably reacted like Pétain and Weygand. In blaming their British allies, these two French officers were doubtless overlooking some of their own follies, but at the very least they were justified in their suspicion that the British were never willing to gear their strategy to the idea that the Battle of France should be regarded the way it was regarded by the French, as the decisive battle of the war. Hence, as the French well understood, British land and especially air forces were not being fully committed to the battle at hand. In defense of their own island the British were going to save, if not a maximum, at least a very important minimum of their resources.

Eliot also seems to agree with the Shirer view that French generals and politicians expected that the fall of Britain would follow the fall of France. In his famous Ottawa speech of December 1941 ("Some chicken! Some neck!"), Winston Churchill spread an apocryphal tale to the same effect. Actually, the little dependable contemporary evidence that we have shows that the French military was very tight-lipped on this point, largely because it was preoccupied with the calamity in progress. Perhaps in moments of high frustration Weygand and Pétain exploded against Churchill, predicting an early doom for his defiant nation, but what their settled judgment was, if they had such judgment, is simply unknown. It is interesting to observe that the later speeches of Pétain as premier provide no hint about his expectations on the next developments of the war. In any case, Shirer's interpretation here is just as light-weight in evidence as it is on the subject of the Pétain-Laval plot mentioned above.

Careful examination of the primary materials available makes it plain as well that, in making the separate armistice of 1940 with the Germans, the French generals had in mind only one thing: the fullness of defeat in the field. Blaming Britain and forecasting for her a disagreeable future had nothing to do with it. These generals had been weaned on the idea that the battle *for* France must be the battle *in* France, and it is the height of unrealism to suppose that in their old age they might suddenly have rejected this idea in favor of the idea that the battle for France might eventually be won in the air over Britain, in the suburbs of Stalingrad, or in the factories of Detroit. □

RECORDS

Frederic Chopin: Sonata No. 3 in B minor, Op. 58; Barcarolle in F-sharp major, Op. 60; Nocturne No. 8 in D-flat major, Op. 27 No. 2; Mazurka No. 32 in C-sharp minor, Op. 50 No. 3.
Dinu Lipatti, pianist.
Columbia "Odyssey" series, 32-16-0369

THE IMMORTAL LIPATTI

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

He would be 53 years old now if he had been granted a longer life, but he has been dead these twenty years. He never performed in the United States. Over there, in Europe, his name is revered, his recitals are still talked about, and I suppose the students of his students are now concertizing. Over

here we have his records, and in an imperfect world it would be a greedy soul indeed who should ask for more than this.

Dinu Lipatti was that inexpressible rarity in artists, a man who truly found himself by first losing himself. Lesser men—Horowitz, Rubinstein, Hofmann—stitch their own names into the fabric of the music by intruding their potty little selves. Horowitz refuses to play octaves without showing off; Rubinstein's rubato is *Rubinstein's* rubato; Hofmann finds inner voices that "aren't there." The music of the composer is filtered, and not for a moment would I say it is not beautifully filtered, through the personality of these performers. But it is filtered. Above the impossible level of Horowitz there is one final and always more impossible level, and there we find Dinu Lipatti and his two or three compeers.

These pianists have conquered their instrument and their own selves absolutely, so that the music comes through with fidelity to the printed note and without the slightest imprint of the performer. We are caught by surprise when we hear such playing. We have been cozened into thinking we are listening to Chopin. Common sense breaks in, sooner or later, to inform us that Chopin has been dead these 121 years, and it is Lipatti, or Rachmaninoff, who has mysteriously given him to us alive and well. And so the paradox: by playing humbly, by learning to withdraw himself completely, the artist achieves such beauty that he is in a class almost alone. And so you hear a record of Chopin's music played so perfectly, without crochets or signatures, and you know it has to be Dinu, or Sergei. There are so many persons, and so few souls.

You can measure an artist in many ways. With performing musicians I always apply the test of teaching. The merely egotistical performer considers himself as the inventor and proprietor of a personal skill, which he merchandises. The greater man considers himself the fortunate heir of a glorious tradition and gladly takes upon himself the obligation to give to others what was freely given to him, the unbought grace. Rubinstein has no students, does he? Whom does Horowitz teach? Dinu Lipatti was a teacher at nineteen and a beloved professor at twenty-seven.

As his life, so his music. The tradition flowed through him clear and whole. Here is a reissue of some recordings Lipatti made either in Paris or London, either in 1947 or 1948—no one knows really. The performance of the B-minor sonata cannot be improved upon, unless you are willing to rewrite the music. Lesser performers would shy away from the abruptions of the rests written into the first themes; Lipatti treats them as thematic material of prime importance, and underlines their musical value by doing precisely the same with the rests written in the nineteenth and following measures of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finale (I dislike technical talk but this time we need it). These moments are separated by twenty minutes of musical ecstasy.

To take a few moments of silence, measured in fractions of a second, and make of them a thematic framework for a gigantic sonata—who would have thought of this? It was written so. Again: the first movement has exactly one chord marked fortissimo in twelve full pages of notation, and it's the last chord. How many pianists can resist the temptation to rise above a forte at least once in the first eleven pages? Lipatti's resources in the quieter zones of a piano's dynamics are so various and affirmative that he can hold that fortissimo at bay until the end of time and we shall never miss it. So, when it comes, we are raised right out of our seats. He is always doing that to us, piling splendor on top of splendor, and always keeping something supreme in reserve. Finally the paradox disappears in endless visions of loneliness. We know if he had lived to be a hundred and had played forever, he would always have had something in reserve, something he was keeping for us, until we should be ready for it.

The playing of the scherzo has to be heard. It is the music itself, lofted into the air, miraculously "outside" the performer. The shimmering passages gain force and descend into a set of parallel passages that grow monstrous loud. Our ears burn. The shock seems too much. Comes a pause, then a chord that blasts all the foregoing into nothingness. The end? Further pause, then three octaves repeated so fast they blind the ear. Fortissimo, as written. Then we are compelled to deduce that the previous mountains were only foothills. What sort of landscape is this?

Lipatti made many recordings. His performance of the Schumann concerto is another great glory. But all of his playing was perfect. His last public recital, played a few weeks before leukemia took him, was recorded; and among all recordings it has to be the most poignant in its *victorious* and *valedictory* lyricism. Do, please: get some Lipatti, and fill your ears with the reality that lies beyond poor words. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A LITTLE COMMONWEALTH: *Family Life in Plymouth Colony, by John Demos (Oxford, 194 pp., $6.95).* This book is a beautifully written study of the life of average people in the first Puritan colony, and as such it is a worthy complement to monographs on colonial leadership by Edmund Morgan and the late Perry Miller. Professor Demos begins with a brief, clear essay on the history from the *Mayflower* to Plymouth's absorption by Massachusetts Bay in 1691, after which he describes the physical setting of the family (house, furnishings, clothing) and analyzes the colonist's life-cycle, based on Erik Erikson's eight-stage model. Mr. Demos puts to rest the standard notion that colonial families were "extended"; they were, in fact, nuclear, much like today's family, although the roles differed. Childhood, for example, "was barely recognized. . . . There was little sense that children might somehow be a special group, with their own needs and interests and capacities. Instead they were viewed largely as miniature adults. . . . In no other way was the continuity of childhood and the later states of life quite so clearly symbolized." Accordingly, adolescence was neither a period nor a problem. In Plymouth, the family functioned as school, business, vocational institute, church, house of correction, welfare institution, hospital, poorhouse, old-folks home. Professor Demos writes with great charm, his easy, relaxed style having much muscle underneath. Furthermore, his caution in avoiding drawing too large inferences from limited data gives his book an authoritative quality which many seemingly more ambitious works lack.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE TALES OF HOFFMAN, *edited by Mark L. Levine, George C. McNamee and Daniel Greenberg (Bantam, 286 pp., $1.50, paper).* To dispose of a minor point at the outset: this selection from the transcript of the Chicago Seven trial is fair, perfectly fair. The defense's obscenities, provocations, obfuscations and clownings are all here, as are Judge Hoffman's ramblings, grousings and malapropisms—and isn't the judge awful! and isn't the defense, well, kinda cute. So concludes poor old Dwight Macdonald in his introduction, wherein he fairly drools and cackles all over Abbie Hoffman et al. (remembering every page or so to slip in a quick grandfatherly *tsk!* about their over-enthusiasm). One leaves this book not at all enlightened, wishing poxes on both their houses; until one remembers that the courts, even unto Judge Hoffman, are the cornerstone of our house and that the defendants hope to tear our house down. And what are we to do? Pray, one supposes.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE SOUTH: OLD AND NEW FRONTIERS: *Selected Essays of Frank Lawrence Owsley, ed. by Harriet C. Owsley (University of Georgia, $8).* Reissue by reissue, the papers of the Nashville Agrarians are coming once again into print. This collection adds to a long and still growing shelf of books and articles from the original 1930 fellowship, perhaps the most gifted group of intellectuals this Republic has seen. Yet Owsley (who died in 1956) would have been important in any company. No Southern historian of his generation was more influential. Humanist concern and meticulous research meet and combine in his lucid expositions. Certainly the former controlled his choice of subjects, for, as these essays demonstrate, his habit was to probe weak points in the received or "national" understanding of *his* people. While playing by the rules he did mortal damage to the myth of the Slavocracy, undermined popular simplifications concerning the Confederacy's internal life and negated the conventional liberal theory that the seceded South had less than a genuine faith in its destiny as a nation. The other Owsley, the essayist in opinion, is also here in "The Pillars of Agrarianism" and "Democracy Unlimited" —the latter written in the shadow of (and aimed at) the *Brown* decision. Like his fellow Agrarians, Frank Owsley gets better with the years.

M. E. BRADFORD

HAMLET'S MILL, *by Giorgio de Santillana and Hertha von Dechend (Gambit, $10).* In the endless battle of the ancients against the moderns, *Hamlet's Mill* has struck a heavy blow for the ancients. The theme is summed up in a quotation from Charles Dupuis: "Mythology is the work of science; science alone will explain it." Specifically the authors emphasize the "Royal Science"—astronomy. They argue that ancient astronomy was led by "Newtons and Einsteins long forgotten," and that this knowledge was the main source of myth. The authors admit the uncertainty of interpretation so common to mythology; but with some key clues, they illuminate many of the "byways and crannies of the past." Hamlet serves as a starting point; Socrates, Samson, Prometheus and a multitude of lesser-known figures are also examined in terms of their astronomical significance. Appropriately the authors had intended to title this book "The Art of the Fugue." But in spite of its necessary intricacy, the material is handled so well that laymen need not leave this fascinating work to the scholars.

L. E. ARNHART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DICK

(Continued from page 563)

passed, and all that remains for both of them is the inevitable confrontation.

When a confrontation is taken seriously and not as a therapeutic outlet for grievances, the results are catastrophic. History has become such a bête noire to students that it is being dropped as a requirement in colleges throughout the country. The reason is invariably that at a confrontation or open curriculum meeting it was learned that *"they* had enough of it in high school" or *"they* no longer find it relevant." While any historian will admit that students may have been hearing about the Renaissance since the fourth grade, most of them regard it as some sort of psychedelic sunburst of creativity and become annoyed if they are told to approach it less cinematically.

The students who used the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima to make a connection between World War II and Vietnam may have assimilated the "war is hell" ideology; but their inability to see the difference between two such events points to an antihistorical attitude that is always the mark of an inferior culture. If it is true that those who do not know the past are doomed to repeat it, then the cycle of retribution that the present generation will undergo will have its parallel only in the *Oresteia* or the Book of Job.

There is no doubt that the we/they polarity has also demythicized the university which will never again evoke the image of an ivy-girded tower. But the faculty and students have also lost their mythic stature, for now even cab drivers know that great teachers are as rare as great ball players. Anyone who has ever served on a committee with students soon discovers that while they have the ability to crystallize in a simple sentence what their elders have been debating for hours (reading so many outline books has given them mastery of the paraphrase), their proposals can be rather barbaric for a "committed" generation—drop an unpopular course even though it is required and fire the professor even though he has tenure.

Before the groves of academe become the forest primeval, someone should ask the students exactly what they mean when they say a curriculum is not "relevant," if only that senior professors who are about to retire might know why they were burned in effigy. The students may mean that the courses are not vital to *them*, in which

Think systems, not just products. That's what Brady does.

As a result, it's industry's most complete, single source of a wide range of self-sticking products—for almost any kind of identification, process or procedure. And each is part of a coordinated, compatible system.

For the computer room, Brady supplies *Leader Connectors, Photo-Sense Markers* for beginning- and end-of-reel indication, *Leader Splicing Tape.* For data processing, Brady *Dataplates* permit fast addition of variable information to nameplates. *Tab Labels* are made for high speed application with any EDP printout equipment. *Supropaque Key Punch Correction Seals* provide a fast permanent method for correcting errors.

Brady's standardized *Pipe Identification System* includes a choice of USASI colors and legends to identify contents and flow direction. *Safety-Plate Signs* reduce accidents, promote safety indoors and out. All conform to U.S.A. Standards Institute and N.S.C. specs. Brady *Nameplates* are custom designed from a wide choice of materials and colors—identify, inform and instruct.

Brady "system" products are self-bonding, apply quickly and stick permanently with job-engineered adhesives. What kind of system do you need to show, tell or speed production? Just write for literature and free testing samples.

719

W. H. BRADY CO.
EST. 1914

719 West Glendale Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape

27097

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Wanted

H. S. TEACHER, M. S., Single, female, 24, desires interesting summer employment. Write NR Box 1268.

$1,000 REWARD for interview setup leading to acceptable job offer for "over 50" mechanical engineer. Details P.O. Box 4128, Huntsville, Ala.

CONFESSION WRITER, TEACHER, some mail order experience, mature, desires employment New York City. Write NR Box 1269.

MAKE-READY ARTIST, EXPERIENCED, mature. Wants responsible position at essential firm. No ad agency or studio. Could eventually relocate. Write NR Box 1270.

VERSATILE MEDICAL STUDENT AND WIFE desire summer employment, preferably outdoors with children/animals. Travel welcomed. Available immediately. Write NR Box 1275.

Employment Opportunities

TWO MALE COUNSELORS, 19 plus, one with WSI, one to do woodworking, in Berkshire Hills, 550 to 650. Face must be groomed like a Roman Senator. Send resume to NR Box 1264.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of Over 100 American Firms Now Hiring for Overseas Projects. $1.00. TRANSWORLD, Box 90802-CC, International Airport, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. 1970 government information and forms $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-CC, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You—Latest Australian Opportunities Handbook describing Government assisted passage, living allowances, employment, business, farming, teaching, hunting, fishing-plus application forms and Employer's list $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032SP, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

SECRETARY to NR's Reader's Service Director. Steno preferred. Please call 679-7330, ext. 849, for details.

SIMPLIFIED GUIDE to writing a resume. $1.00 to ACTION, Dept. 1C, Box 6308, Torrance, Calif. 90504.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-A, Belmont, Calif. 94002.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Investments

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and trouble-free brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 19 Rector St., N.Y., N.Y. 10006. 212-422-0700. Members of the New York Stock Exchange.

GOLD COINS FOR INVESTORS, Austria 100 Corona BU, more than one troy ounce GOLD $55, 5% discount over $250, MIDAS Box 113 Halesite, N.Y. 11743.

CAN YOU USE a tax free income? For a thorough explanation of the advantages of municipal bonds and expert guidance in selecting a municipal bond portfolio, please write or call collect: Craig C. Baise, DEAN WITTER & CO., INC., 632 South Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014. (213) 627-9251.

Real Estate

FRESH AIR—pure artesian water—charming ultra modern farm home in peaceful mountain-enclosed valley in Washington state. House priced at half value. Acreage also available. Write NR Box 1262.

SYLVAN HIDEAWAY NESTLED in the green hills of Vermont. Charming university town. Uniquely remodeled barn—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, 25 x 30 living room. Pond & trout stream. Available July and August or longer. Robert Howe, 296 Main St., Southbridge, Mass. 01550. Ph. (617) 764-4316.

DREAMY COUNTRY PLACE—1790 Cape Cod cottage. Completely modernized. 3 bedrooms. 2½ baths. Electric heat. Old stone walls and fine trees surround 3 plus acres on back country road. Barn with boxstalls and garage. An elegant hideaway. Partially furnished for $60,000, firm. For appointment to see write or call MARCIA A. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. (203) 927-3117.

Miscellaneous

A UNIQUE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY, tailor-made for the conservative. One of the finest, new professional ventures in America today, offering unexcelled personal growth, top income potential and an opportunity to promote grass-roots individualism. Investigate without obligation whatever. Write NR Box 1271.

TOP CONSERVATIVE MAILING LIST AVAILABLE: NATIONAL REVIEW has 400,000 current, proven buyers (unduplicated) for immediate use. (No active NR subscribers included, however.) Price Per M is conservative too—and special pricing arrangements will make list irresistible. Minimum 5,000 test can show you why we're so eager to get this list to the right people. For details, please write Ed Capano, NR, or call him at 679-7330. ext. 851.

FOUR ROOM APARTMENT—furnished. East Village, NYC, good neighborhood near transportation etc. Sublet July-August very cheap to reliable party with references who will take good care of family cat. Call (212) Gramercy 7-2071 evenings.

SUMMER ON LONG ISLAND'S SOUTH SHORE. Lynbrook, N.Y.—5 room furnished apartment, air-conditioned, grand piano, parking. $190 month, July-August. (516) LY 3-7650 or (516) LY 3-6575.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching)—All Ages "Let TEAM Make You a Team." Write: TEAM Project, 1270 Broadway, Room 519, N. Y., N. Y. 10001.

I.Q. TEST. Self-score. $1.00. Psychological Tests, Box 1343, Portland, Ore.

WANT POLITICALLY CONSERVATIVE pen pals in Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood, Florida areas, Palm Beach and Broward counties. Write NR Box 1272.

COLLECT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN buttons. A fascinating hobby! Free photo catalog. Buttons, Etc., Box 1460R, Los Gatos, Calif. 95030.

PROPAGANDA GAME—From this intellectual in depth game, you will learn the fascinating techniques used by professionals to influence public opinion by learning to recognize "bandwagon" appeals, faulty analogy, out-of-context quotes, rationalization, technical jargon, emotional appeals and many more. A must for the political science student. $6.00 postpaid. Gameophiles Unlimited, Inc., P.O. Box 34, Berkeley Heights, N.J. 07922.

MURALS 40" x 50" $11.95 postpaid from your photo or slide. Other sizes. Photo Murals of Florida, P.O. Deawer 11, Dept. NR, Boynton Beach, Fla. 33435.

FREE 64-PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-NW, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

WORLD'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE! First edition . . . giant card-table size . . . over 4,000 squares! Unique gift! Only $1.00 postpaid. BRAINY, Box 213-C, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

Sales

LITTLE KNOWN VACATION/RETIREMENT havens in Florida. Exciting new booklet. $1. Petty Products, Box 930, New Smyrna, Fla. 32069.

Travel—Vacations

INDIAN CAVE LODGE and Cottages. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $97.50 up/week, including meals. Write for folder. Dept. 33, Lake Sunapee, N.H. 03782.

TEN MILES AT SEA, serene outer island, a small quiet inn for fourteen guests. Rooms with bath, heat. $13-$19 including breakfast, dinner. June-Sept. The Golden Gull, Box R, Monhegan Island, Me. 04852.

WEST VIRGINIA is a peace of the Union. Visit us. Relax.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HENRY D. SPALDING

[*Encyclopedia of*] *Jewish Humor*. A member of the *Knesset* . . . shouted, "Half of this Parliament are jackasses!" There immediately arose angry shouts, catcalls and demands that he apologize or be ejected from the chamber. "All right, I take it back," he grumbled. "Half of this Parliament are not jackasses!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case the word is "relative" and the case is closed. But it is more likely that when they call a course "irrelevant" they mean that its value, whether utilitarian or aesthetic, has been lost in the buzz of the instructor's monotone that was interrupted only by the rustling of desiccated loose-leaf. If this is the case, the fault, as Shakespeare's Cassius observed, is in ourselves.

Someday the university will return to its pride of place after everyone discovers that the only way to appreciate academic standards is to live for a while without them. Then a historian will decide that learning declined with the demise of the Classics, a book will be written, and colleges will again demand that students be literate before they can be accepted. Until that Golden Age, the confrontations will be less obscene if we all take ourselves less seriously. There is no greater bore than a twenty-year-old student clamoring for reform unless it is a fifty-year-old professor denouncing the student or a thirty-year-old instructor denouncing the professor. And although it may pain our guidance counselors to realize it, all one can do for a youth who idolizes Dr. Spock or Che Guevara is to suggest that he write a book on baby care or publish a diary trying to change the world. □

BRACKMAN

(Continued from page 565)

Letters smuggled from these unfortunate people to Israel and the West left the Israeli leaders no choice but to make them public and submit them to the UN, as their writers had requested. Thus, for the first time in history, the plight of the Russian Jews has been brought into the open by the Israeli appeal to the UN and world parliaments, to support the right of emigration to Israel.

The Russian Jews are awaiting their fate. The brutal truth is, as another Russian proverb tells us: "Moscow does not trust tears." Russian Jews find themselves in the position of exchangeable pawns in the Soviet extortion game. They face cold, calculating and merciless masters of a totalitarian state, who respect only power—which the Russian Jews clearly lack. Will their appeal to world public opinion help bring about a solution to their desperate struggle? No one seems to know —but it must not be delayed too long. □

COYNE

(Continued from page 561)

One answer, then, seems to lie in decentralization and perhaps even in the reduction in size of student bodies and the pruning of programs. In smaller, more coherent institutions it is possible to govern, simply because people know one another, know what they're trying to accomplish, and feel a strong sense of community, a feeling completely lacking in a multiversity segment such as Buffalo. "It's strange," says one Buffalo businessman, "that the kids on campus are all talking about relating to the community. Yet there was more community spirit here before, when it was still a private college. It may well not have been much, but at least we felt it was educating our children." □

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

NATIONAL REVIEW'S 1969 INDEX is now available. It's a complete, easy-to-follow listing of everything that appeared in Vol. XXI of NR (Jan.-Dec. '69). The index has three sections: Authors, Subjects and Book Reviews, and each section is arranged in alphabetical order. (In addition to articles, book and theatre reviews, etc. the often-quoted Editorial and "For the Record" sections are indexed by subject for quick reference!)

To get your copy of *National Review's* 1969 Index, send $1 to: National Review Index, 150 East 35th Street, New York N.Y. 10016.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, scientific and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. NR, 120 W. 31 St. New York, N. Y. 10001.

"Well, I've read it, and it's really one hell of a manuscript, Dante baby."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Airplane Talk

Moscow, May 18—From time to time, like any other responsible citizen, I vouchsafe my suggestions to the nation's airlines. This occasional act of patriotism, it occurred to me after the meal I was served aboard Eastern Airlines the other day flying from New York to Jacksonville, is overdue. My mother taught me not to put things off, so after eating that meal, or rather trying to, I dispatched there and then a little note to the president of Eastern, advising him that I had just been served the worst meal in thirty years of flying, congratulating him on this extraordinary achievement, and suggesting he might want to send a note to the world almanacs to register the day, the hour and the flight number.

Eastern is capable of being responsive in these matters. I remember a few years ago, flying to Miami, and asking the stewardess for a glass of wine with my lunch. She responded that Eastern didn't serve wine on flights to Miami, but if I would fly their flight to Mexico, I would be given wine to drink. I told her I could think of less convoluted ways of getting wine to drink than flying to Mexico, and I dropped a note to the president of Eastern, who replied that the firm's policy was not to serve wine on flights that lasted less than three hours. That struck me as a challenge, and for many months thereafter, flying to Miami, I would drop postcards to the president (of Eastern), describing the pleasures of the wine aboard National Airlines. Some months later, a messenger from Eastern arrived with a most enormous basket of fruit, delicacies and wines, on which was attached a note from the president, saying simply, and rather sweetly I thought, "I surrender." It is only disappointing to me that the menus on Eastern to Miami do not list, "Wine, compliments of Mr. Buckley."

SPEAKING of wine, when you travel TWA, bring your own. They are still riding the Buy American kick launched by President Johnson, to make up his international deficit. Now there are some very good California wines, but none of them has ever been sold to TWA, whose unerring instinct for bad wines causes it, on those occasions when it goes to France for its wines, to come in with the crop the French failed to sell to the Algerians.

Further on the subject of drinking on an airplane, it is my fixed conviction that the habit should be if not exactly encouraged, at the very least joyously indulged. No matter how blasé we have become, it nevertheless occurs to many of us, every time we fly, that we are committing an egregious effrontery upon the laws of nature, and a little of the grape helps to persuade you a) of the likelihood that you will survive, or if not, b) that in any event, it is time to leave this vale of tears. My colleague. Mr. William Rusher, who has always treated airplanes skeptically, once declined an invitation to dine the following evening with a friend because, as he put it, "at eight tomorrow night, I'll be high over the Atlantic in every sense of the word." And yet I have flown, and as recently as a month ago, when a plane had been kept on the ground pending somebody's return from strike, for over an hour; and have seen an entire hour and a half go by before the cocktail tray reaches you. Then dinner is served—it is at that point 10:45 P.M. At midnight, when you are exactly three hours from your destination, the movie goes on. At that point, TWA might as well have shown *Airport*.

FLYING by Pan American from St. Thomas to New York requires considerable concentration. On one recent occasion we were told that the planes were slowed down by a snowstorm in New York. I called the Pan American number every hour or so and was advised at four that the plane would definitely leave at 7:45. I called again at five, but there was no answer: The service was closed for the night. My wife and I arrived at the airport at seven with rather a lot of luggage, and found the airport mysteriously uncrowded, considering that it was the holiday season. There was a lot of luggage, but no porters, and I asked a lady behind the ticket counter where I might find a porter, to which she replied, "How should I know?" to which I replied, "Because you are the world's most experienced airline." She changed the subject and asked what was I doing there, and I replied that I was there to take the 7:45 to New York, and she replied that that particular plane had left an hour earlier, but that it just happened that there was an unscheduled plane there just about to take off for New York, so we hustled and we bustled.

A forlorn hippie-type young lady and her male complement were meanwhile doing everything they could to persuade Miss Pan American to accept a personal check for her passage to New York, but the rules were firm: No check except on a St. Thomas bank. But the end of the drama came when the young girl, whom a passerby had rescued by offering his air travel card, arrived running with her little hobo's pack at the apron. But at this point the captain had lost patience, and refused to open up the companionway, notwithstanding that the plane was all but empty. An agonized radio conversation ensued in which the dispatcher pleaded the girl's case. The captain relented, and the passengers broke into cheers: and we decided that, for all its peccadillos, the airline people are a pretty good lot, who would achieve absolute perfection if they would do everything I say. □

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

New York, May 8—I heard of a university president the other day who said that it is no different to try to avoid the draft if you are a young man, than to pull out of the stock market if you are a middle-aged man. It comes down to Doing What Comes Naturally: and survival and self-service are very natural. Why not avoid the draft, if you can get away with it? There are young draft dodgers in Canada right now who are quite certain that in due course a President will issue an amnesty. Maybe not tomorrow, and almost certainly not this particular President. But meanwhile, they are alive and out of danger. And you don't have to go to Canada. There are ingenious ways to stay out of the service. There is even a handbook on the subject, describing everything from skilful malingering to how to get this educational deferment, or that occupational deferment and the rest of it.

A moral problem? There are handbooks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on that point too. You can always take the position that this is an immoral war, and therefore to do anything less than your utmost to keep from fighting in it is itself immoral. Do you like that? I have a million of them.

THE LINE of reasoning, however cogent, is emotionally defective. Inasmuch as it is known that men who go to Vietnam are not all of them stupid, that among them are those who could just as easily have traveled to Canada or feigned a heart condition, it is surely in point to pay them special honor. I hold it most against the antiwar class in America not that they do their best to undermine the American position, but that they fail to pay homage to those who have earned the homage not only of those who support the war, but of those who do not.

I have a letter here from the mother of a young man I corresponded with a year ago. She thought I would like to read a few excerpts from her son's diary, which has just reached her. And I think you would like to read them.

"If the grammar and style in this volume strike you as a little clumsy," Dominic Scatuorchio wrote to his mother, "if the content becomes redundant in some spots and sketchy in others, please excuse these failings as unintentional errors made by a man who trying to recall his past while it was still somewhat fresh in his mind and even more hastily tried to record it while there was still time.

"I figured there was a war going on and I had been sitting on the sidelines much too long. I felt I should be doing something other than saying that I supported 'our boys.'

"For a long time I had been feeling, for some reason, ashamed of myself whenever I saw a serviceman. I asked myself one night, how I would feel if in later years, when I became a doctor, a man walked into my office and complained that his wooden leg was giving him trouble, or that his artificial arm was chafing. How would I feel knowing that while I sat it out these men, and others like them, had been willing to give their lives for me. No, it was just too much. I couldn't live like that any longer. I was going to enlist."

Accordingly, he left Catholic University in Washington after finishing his sophomore year, and in due course found himself in Vietnam. At the end of a year as commander of an assault helicopter, he reenlisted for an additional six-month tour, which would have ended on April 15.

His mother encloses a letter from Major Thomas Kilpatrick.

"On the afternoon of March 10, 1970, Dominic was flying as aircraft commander of a UH-1C helicopter gunship approximately fifteen miles southwest of Rach Soi, Republic of Vietnam. After escorting troop-carrying helicopters into a landing zone his aircraft and an additional gunship were requested to make a visual reconnaissance of the area for the ground troops. On his first pass over a wooded area his aircraft received small-arms fire from hidden enemy positions. The aircraft received numerous hits, and one of these rounds struck Dominic in the head, killing him instantly.

"Dominic had been with the company for a long time. He was an inspiration to all who knew him, whether of senior or junior rank. His services, his sense of humor, his compassion and his friendship were valued so very dearly by this company. The loss of your son is a severe blow to this unit and he will be remembered and missed by all. He was a singularly outstanding young leader."

The local newspaper wrote about him and about his family, and got from Mr. Scatuorchio a simple comment. "He fought and died for his country. We're proud of him." It is also a noble comment. □

THE CAMBODIAN CRISIS

Moscow, May 22—It is a long way whence to judge whether there is in certain quarters of America at this point a sensation of shame at the unutterable panic when we moved into Cambodia. We have always had—every country does—those who fear that the end of the world is coming, and take a certain pleasure out of it. I remember the evening when John F. Kennedy faced down the Russians in Cuba in 1961, seeing a girl leaving Hunter College kissing a boy ardently, "because," she explained to a passerby, "we never expect to see one another again." That kind of thing from adolescents and David Dellinger is one thing. It is something else when Art Buchwald goes in for it.

THE Cambodian crisis was the most serious crisis since Pearl Harbor, one would have thought, but not quite serious enough to cancel the opening of Art Buchwald's comedy in Washington.

All the distinguished, displaced people from the Kennedy Administration were there, moaning the depths to which the Republic had sunk. Camelot was formally disestablished. It is recorded that Art Buchwald went right along with the others, commenting about his own play—a *roman à clef* with Joe Alsop as villain, alongside U.S. policy in Vietnam—that when he wrote the play it was comedy, "but now it has turned to tragedy"—a comment more appropriate if it had been made by the theater critics. Anyway, Mr. Buchwald didn't quite make it clear why it was comedy when he wrote it a few months ago, when the Vietnam war was going along grimly as ever. But we were invited to believe that the magnification of the war caused by the "invasion" of Cambodia was what turned it into tragedy. Cambodia is to Vietnam, we were led to believe, as the First World War was to Sarajevo.

In a very few days it would seem that the mood has greatly changed, although of course there are those who will always be disappointed if apocalypse doesn't come when they ring it in. But suddenly the military situation is clearing, and we note that the people who are in a position to know, such as Ellsworth Bunker and the military in the area, have reported that the small, relatively inexpensive maneuver, has resulted in setting back the enemy anywhere from six to ten months, that being the estimated time it would require for them to build up the inventories of matériel that have been wiped out.

Now enter the dangerous consideration. Although Mr. Nixon would appear to have won the round decisively—the talk of the Congress acting to remove money authorization for any bullet fired into Cambodia is not likely to result in legislation—he has, in the judgment of some, myself included, made most dangerous analytical concessions. Why did he have to say that the Americans would be out of Cambodia by the end of June? Why didn't he say that he expected that they would be out by the end of June, but that if they had to stay there a little longer in order to button up the situation, that is where they would stay? Why has he made the whole situation appear like a one-shot operation, without filling in the details of how the enemy is going to be prevented from regrouping?

WE COME of course to the key of the matter. It is this, that unless Vietnamization specifically envisions the political as well as the military transfer of power to the South Vietnamese, the Vietnam republic is going to last about as long as the Kerensky republic. No government of South Vietnam that is forbidden from taking such measures as are necessary to prevent its western neighbor from passing arms and soldiers on over a six hundred-mile frontier can hope to survive.

So that Mr. Nixon should have said something like this: South Vietnam's independence cannot be guaranteed unless there is a truly neutral Cambodia. Until such time as the South Vietnamese can effect this, we shall have to be guided by the nature of the situation. I assume that by striking now, we will accelerate, rather than delay Vietnamization. That's it. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A best seller (1936) and highly successful movie — 26 7 42 142 135 45 56 75 61 156 / 165 196 201 109 113

B. A battle, Mexican War, that took place in Texas — 36 139 145 161 47 72 101 205 6 11 / 122 173 203 3 208

C. A breed of canine — 64 124 9 118 83 18 44 207 183

D. Scholarship — 71 39 144 10 132 88 85 22 54

E. The constellation Crater — 86 8 14 57 46 204 97 112 215 79 / 120 69

F. To originate and secure the permanent existence of — 100 125 199 51 209 115 149 166 30

G. His niece and a son's wife were both named Eleanor — 29 141 76 116 148 153 164 171 19 123 / 177 95 182 34 192 202 212

H. An English painter and engraver — 105 210 55 150 73 218 179

I. One of the names of *Cephalanthus occidentalis* — 58 98 27 48 32 21 60 87 89

J. What Eta Beta Pi would be an example of — 106 12 20 33 40 99 136 140 146 160 / 220 168 50 68 74 82 117 15 94 104 / 5

K. A former postmaster general — 133 186 200 78 107 23 206 84 67

L. A city in New Hampshire — 151 90 134 181 211 108

M. Unscramble SMITH SPACED (this means war!) — 157 65 121 16 126 162 70 111 80 143 / 170

N. Any talisman — 159 41 176 193 24 169 96 31 184 175

O. How his _____ stands who knows save heaven?—*Hamlet* — 4 28 37 92 2

P. An overworked word, like *dialogue, articulate, etc.* — 93 191 81 217 152 91

Q. Gen. Umberto Nobile's airship — 1 180 137 129 53 187

R. Basketball and football term — 167 49 155 119 154 127 147 219 25 43 / 174

S. Any of several North American goatsuckers of the genus *Chordeiles*, related to the whippoorwill — 188 128 114 197 190 214 194 102 13

T. The handwriting on the wall — 52 138 198 17 59 130 213 185

U. A pose — 66 131 158 103 178 62 110 221

V. A thick-bodied, exceedingly venomous African viper — 172 163 77 216 38 189 195 35 63

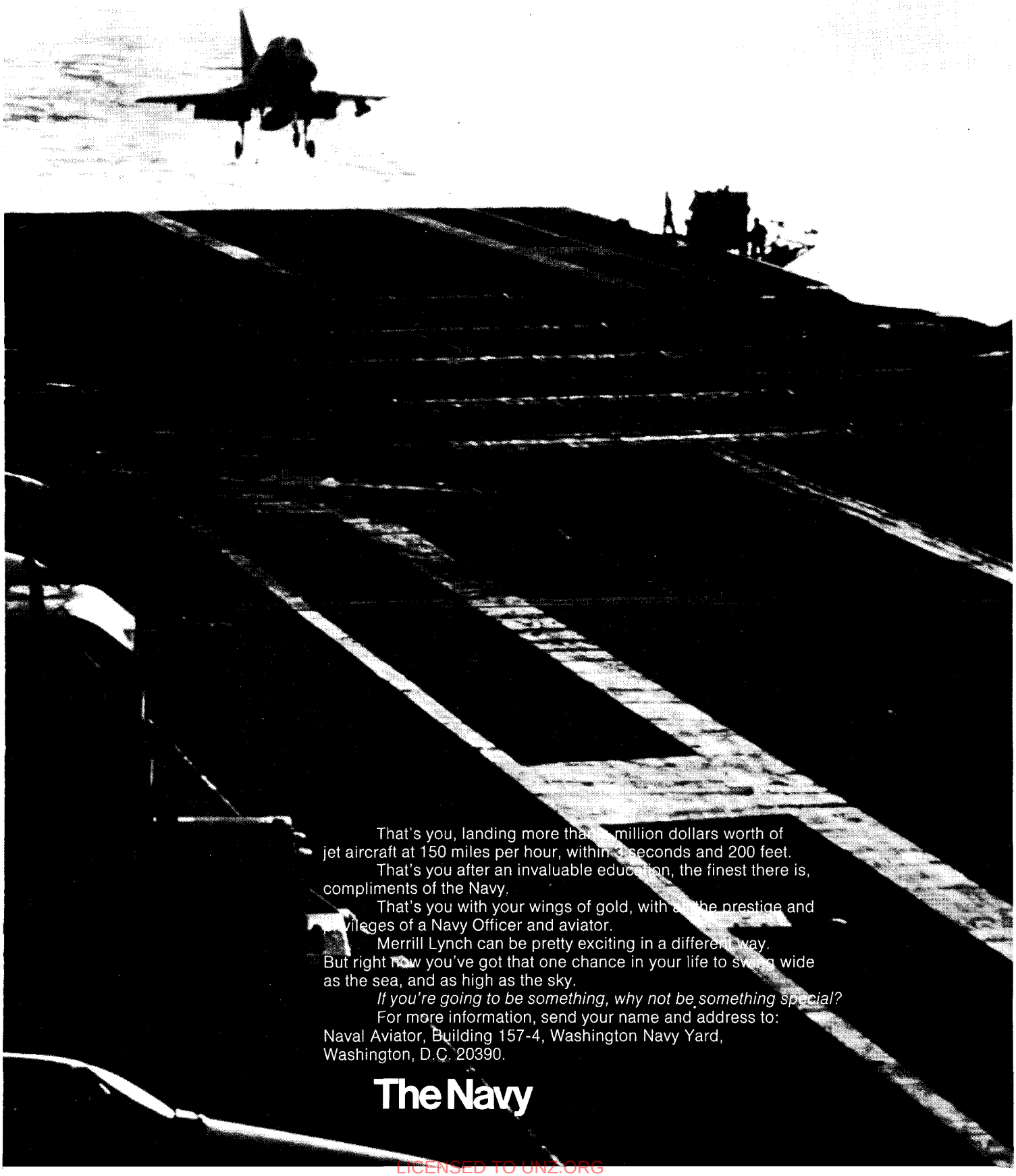
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 582 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

					1 Q	2 O		3 B	4 O	5 J		6 B	7 A	8 E	9 C		10 D	11 B	12 J
13 S		14 E	15 J	16 M		17 T	18 C	19 G	20 J	21 I	22 D	23 K	24 N	25 R	26 A		27 I	28 O	29 G
	30 F	31 N	32 I	33 J	34 G	35 V	36 B		37 O	38 V	39 D	40 J		41 N	42 A	43 R		44 C	45 A
46 E	47 B	48 I	49 R	50 J	51 F	52 T	53 Q	54 D	55 H		56 A	57 E	58 I		59 T	60 I	61 A	662 U	63 V
64 C		65 M	66 U	67 K		68 J	69 E	70 M	71 D	72 B	73 H		74 J	75 A	76 G		77 V	78 K	79 E
80 M		81 P	82 J	83 C	84 K	85 D	86 E	87 I		88 D	89 I	90 L	91 P		92 O	93 P		94 J	95 G
	96 N	97 E	98 I	99 J	100F	101B		102S	103U	104J	105H		106J	107K	108L	109A	110U		111M
112E	113A		114S	115F	116G	117J	118C	119R	120E	121M		122B	123G	124C	125F	126M	127R	128S	129Q
130T	131U	132D	133K	134L		135A	136J		137Q	138T	139B		140J	141G	142A		143M	144D	145B
146J	147R	148G	149F	150H	151L	152P		153G	154R		155R	156A	157M		158U	159N	160J	161B	162M
163V	164G	165A	166F		167R	168J		169N	170M	171G		172V	173B	174R	175N		176N	177G	178U
179H		180Q	181L	182G		183C	184N	185T	186K		187Q	188S	189V		190S	191P	192G		193N
194S	195V		196A	197S	198T	199F		200K	201A	202G	203B		204E	205B		206K	207C		208B
209F	210H	211L	212G		213T	214S	215E		216V	217P	218H	219R	220J	221U					

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



That's you, landing more than a million dollars worth of jet aircraft at 150 miles per hour, within 3 seconds and 200 feet.

That's you after an invaluable education, the finest there is, compliments of the Navy.

That's you with your wings of gold, with all the prestige and privileges of a Navy Officer and aviator.

Merrill Lynch can be pretty exciting in a different way. But right now you've got that one chance in your life to swing wide as the sea, and as high as the sky.

If you're going to be something, why not be something special?

For more information, send your name and address to: Naval Aviator, Building 157-4, Washington Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. 20390.

The Navy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Callaway towels by Milliken... couturier fashions for your bath.

It's a major event of every home fashion season...the introduction of the new styles in Callaway towels by Milliken. Watch for them. They set trends. Their imaginative patterns and color innovations have been winning design awards for years.

The beauty of these towels stems from Milliken research. From design inspiration found in remote corners of the globe...laboratory breakthroughs in the chemistry of color...new techniques that make terry richer, more absorbent.

Every Milliken product—for home furnishings, fashion and industry—is the result of meticulous research. Understandably, since Milliken has the world's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of textiles, chances are it will come from Milliken.

Over 500 patents attest to the productivity of research conducted here at the Deering Milliken Research Center, Spartanburg, S.C.

MILLIKEN

Consumer Products Division, LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED